

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—The activities of President Coolidge included a welcoming speech to the delegates of the National Conference of American States on Conciliation and Arbitration which opened in Washington on December 10, and another address at the inception of the National Aeronautics Conference on December 12, a feature of the public celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first power-driven heavier-than-air machine flight. It will be recalled that the Pan-American meeting was agreed upon at Havana last January. President Coolidge's speech was a plea for the orderly settlement of disputes between nations and an emphatic statement that the spirit of conciliation rules the Western world. The first session of the Conference was marked by the passage of a resolution for the appointment of a special committee to convey to the Bolivian and Paraguayan Governments the expression of its desire and its hopes that the differences threatening to disrupt South America's peace should "be arranged pacifically and in a spirit of justice, concord, and of fraternity." On December 11, the Bolivian Government withdrew its delegate to the Conference, Sr. Don Eduardo Diez de Medina, Bolivian Min-

ister to Washington, though a personal message from President Siles the following day directed him to resume his place at the sessions. Nineteen Latin American Republics and the United States had representation in the meetings. At the Aviation Conference thirty-nine foreign countries were represented. Earlier in the week in a letter to the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, apropos of its fiftieth anniversary, President Coolidge made the suggestion that provision should be made by Congress for a rural White House to which the President might retire during the year from the stress of his executive work.

The Kellogg pact continued to receive much attention, Secretary Kellogg himself appearing twice before the Foreign Relations Committee to discuss it. It was expected that the Committee would vote very early upon it. Mr. Kellogg indicated that he was receptive to any British move for a naval parley, and the London press was reported as believing that a reply to his hint of a meeting was likely very shortly to be sent by the British Government. Meanwhile, President Coolidge made it plain that he was very anxious for the anti-war pact to be ratified before his retirement, and more than a thousand messages reaching the White House and State Department were in harmony with his views.—On December 11, the House passed a bill approving the Greek-American debt of \$18,000,000 and extending to that country a loan of \$12,000,000 to be repaid over a period of twenty years with interest of four per cent. The debt itself, including interest, is to be funded over a period of sixty-two years. The measure met with vigorous opposition from the Democratic members, and the vote for the loan was only 119 to 117. The following day, a bill funding the post-War debt of Austria to the United States was also approved.

After leaving Lima, President-elect Hoover continued his good-will mission, visiting Bolivia, Chile, and Argentina. Wherever he stopped he was welcomed with much pomp and every evidence of cordiality. His trans-Andean journey was especially colorful. At Puente del Inca, Argentina, at an elevation of 10,000 feet, the train made a brief halt to permit the party to get a view of the statue of the Christ of the Andes, many miles away, commemorating the peaceful settlement of the Argentina-Chilean border dispute. The single untoward event that marked the trip was the announcement, two days before Mr. Hoover reached Buenos Aires, that the Argentine Government had uncovered a "Red" plot against him. A number of suspects were arrested and President Irigoyen ordered

Presidential
Activities

Mr. Hoover's
Trip

extra guards during the celebrations attending Mr. Hoover's stay in the capital.

Austria.—The new Chief Executive, Wilhelm Miklas, was installed with very simple ceremony on December 10. The retiring President, Dr. Michael Hainisch, made a plea for an increase of power for his successor in office and reviewed his own term of eight years. Herr Miklas was welcomed by Dr. Hainisch, and was assured of the best wishes of the Chancellor, Msgr. Seipel. The Pan-Germans, however, were not reconciled to the defeat of their candidate, Herr Schober. They questioned the legality of the election and criticized the new President's reference to the "Austrian people" as a meaningless phrase. The Socialist opposition was quite jubilant over the Pan-German attitude and envisioned therefrom an increase of power for their party and a reduction of Chancellor Seipel's majority.

Bolivia.—The long-standing boundary dispute with Paraguay assumed alarming proportions early in the month. In consequence, on December 8, the Paraguayan Charge d' Affaires at La Paz received his passports from acting Foreign Minister Virreiera, and diplomatic relations between the two countries were severed. Coincidentally, and in view of the seriousness of the national situation, President Siles issued a decree suspending the municipal elections which were to have been held on December 9. The Government justified its action in severing relations because of "insolent" misrepresentations of clashes that had taken place between soldiers of both Republics a few days earlier, and for which Bolivia held Paraguay responsible. It will be recalled that the two nations signed a protocol in April, 1927, establishing at Buenos Aires a joint commission to settle the dispute effecting the great stretch of land called El Gran Chaco, estimated at 100,000 square miles, west of the Paraguay River. The sessions of the Committee resulted in an *impasse*.

Following the severance of relations with Paraguay, preparations were made for mobilization of the national army, and the class of 1929 was called to the colors. On the other hand, Paraguay was said to have solicited a conference with Bolivian representatives looking toward an adjustment of the situation. This was declined. Two important steps, however, toward averting actual warfare were taken when on December 10, the Pan-American Conference sitting in Washington passing a resolution suggesting a peaceful settlement of the national difficulties, and the Council of the League of Nations, acting on an appeal from Paraguay, unanimously adopted the following resolution which was forwarded to both Governments by M. Aristide Briand, acting President of the Council:

The Council of the League of Nations, meeting at Lugano for its fifty-third session, expresses its full conviction that the incidents which have occurred between two members of the League of Nations will not become serious.

It does not doubt that the two States, which by signing the covenant have solemnly pledged themselves to seek by pacific

means a solution of disputes arising between them, will have recourse to such methods as would be in conformity with their international obligations and would appear in the actual circumstances to be most likely to insure together with the maintenance of peace a settlement of their disputes.

While responsibility for the clashes on the frontier could not be definitely placed, it was commonly assumed that the differences would not result in armed conflict.

China.—The Nationalist Cabinet was strengthened on December 12, when General Yen Hsi-shan, Governor of Shansi, arrived at Nanking to take the portfolio of Minister of the Interior. His coming quieted rumors of disaffection in his Province with the new Government.

Another arrival at Nanking whose presence encouraged optimism was the British Minister, Sir Myles Lampson, who journeyed from Shanghai for a conference with Dr. C. T. Wang. It was understood that their discussion centered on a new treaty similar to that made with China by the United States and other nations. On December 6, the Government adopted a final draft of a new tariff schedule and it was promulgated a few days later with the announcement that it would be effective February 1, 1929. Early press comments regarded it as conservative notwithstanding it provided sweeping changes in virtually every line of merchandise. It was reported that the Japanese Government was not in accord with it, and S. Yada, the Japanese Consul General at Shanghai, was stated to have returned his copy of the document to the Nationalist authorities the same day he received it, in the general distribution to foreign diplomats. In other respects, relations with Japan looked brighter.

Colombia.—The fruit-workers strike in the Magdalena region became critical at the beginning of the month and, a few days later, a serious situation had developed.

In consequence, the Government declared a state of seige in the Santa Marta section, General Carlos Cortez Vargas was appointed civil and military commander of the zone, and troops were dispatched to Cartagena and Barranquilla. Desultory encounters between strikers and soldiers followed in several of the villages, and a number of casualties were reported. In the affected district the sequestration of weapons and the prohibition of their sale by commercial establishments was ordered, thus impeding the arming of the strikers. Several leaders of the movement were arrested. The strike grew out of disputes over wage increases and workers' demands for compulsory insurance, though the Government blamed radical Socialist and Communist agitators for the disturbance. American citizens, for the most part in the employ of the United Fruit Company, were all gathered at Santa Marta for security. Though official Government reports gave out that the situation was well under control, with a total of nine battalions of troops operating in the district, press dispatches from Bogota and elsewhere were alarming.

France.—Progress was being made on the budget debate, in spite of serious opposition which notably re-

duced the Government majorities. Income-tax exemption was raised from 7,000 to 10,000 francs. Air Minister Eynac explained his program for the expansion of civil aviation, in defense of the increased appropriations asked for his department. A Socialist Deputy endeavored to discredit the Government by establishing a connection between Minister of Agriculture Hennessy and the recent *Gazette du Franc* debacle, in which investors lost vast sums that recall the Ponzi affair in Boston. M. Hennessy was shown to have no connection with Mme. Hanau's schemes. Replying to interpellations with regard to the Rhine Provinces, when their affairs came up in the budget discussion, the Premier assured the Chamber that after the budget was settled, Alsatian affairs would have a full hearing, adding that his desire to devote himself to that delicate matter was one reason for his holding no portfolio in the present Cabinet.—New condemnation of the *Action Française* resulted from the practice of persons peddling the paper in front of churches and making the church weddings of adherents (hitherto permitted) the occasion of demonstrations. In future, the marriages of active sympathizers of the *Action* will be held at the home of the bride.

Germany.—After a conference with President von Hindenburg and a discussion with the Cabinet, the Foreign Minister, Dr. Stresemann, set out for Lugano to attend the League of Nations Council session, and more especially to question Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand on their recent speeches which occasioned great indignation among German officials. Time and time again, it was alleged, M. Briand has given wrong reports about negotiations between France and Germany. In the past, these were overlooked to prevent aggravating disputes. But in the present matter, Germany has apparently decided to take a firmer stand. It was expected, however, that the meeting of the statesmen would bring about a friendlier and more confident atmosphere and a final compromise on the Rhineland question.—Dr. Wilhelm Marx, former German Chancellor, resigned his post as chairman of the Centrist party and was succeeded by Joseph Joos, an editor and member of the Reichstag, who defeated Adam Stegerwald, the former Prussian Premier and labor-leader member of the Reichstag. Herr Joos requested the formation of a triumvirate of party leaders in which all the factions of the Centrist party would be represented.

Great Britain.—With the greatest unanimity and with earnestness, the members of the Hierarchy directed the attention of their people to the injustices of the present educational policy. Dr. Mostyn, Archbishop of Cardiff, in a pastoral letter, pointed out that the Government made use of two kinds of educational buildings, the provided and the non-provided, the latter type being that of Catholic schools. He stated: "The representatives of the Catholic Church have already appealed to the Board of Education for help as regards the building and upkeep

of our non-provided schools, but so far without success. . . . It behooves us Catholics, then, to make sure that all parties understand our grievances as regards having to pay for our school buildings." In the same strain, Dr. Downey, Archbishop of Liverpool, declared that the Catholics who had made heroic sacrifices for their schools were now at the end of their tether, and could not continue paying three times what they ought to pay. If it were a question, he continued, between closing the church or the school, a great many Catholics would sacrifice the church and carry on with the school. In the course of his address at Derby, he considered the three possible solutions of the educational problem: that of the non-religious school, such as was established in the United States, he condemned thoroughly; that of teaching "the lowest common multiple of all religions," he likewise disapproved of; the third solution, that of religious schools such as the Catholics had established, was alone acceptable. He demanded Government support for such schools, declaring that "Catholics were not asking for some special kind of treatment. They objected to being pushed out of the national scheme of education." Both of these Archbishops appealed to the Catholic voters to make the educational question an issue in the forthcoming general election. Even more strongly, his Eminence, Cardinal Bourne, in an address before the Catholic Women's League, urged: "When you vote, vote for the man or woman who is going to do justice to the non-provided schools. This is the only issue of importance affecting the Catholic Church in this country at the present time." His Eminence, as did other leaders, deplored the fact that the vast majority of people did not understand the position of the non-provided schools.

Latest reports indicate something of a relapse after the decided improvement noted in the condition of King George. An authoritative medical review states that the King suffered from a species of pleuropneumonia, complicated by other ailments. The doctors in attendance expressed hope, but stated that there was danger of heart failure consequent upon exhaustion. All the members of the royal family were summoned. The extreme concern of the British press about the King's illness was strongly reflected in all the American newspapers.

Italy.—The last session of the Chamber of Deputies adjourned *sine die* on December 8, with an enthusiastic demonstration by the Fascist Deputies, after an address by Premier Mussolini, in which he reviewed the achievements of the last four years and forecast serious work to be accomplished by the Deputies to be elected in March, 1929. He made favorable mention of the act called the "Charter of Labor," the new election laws which provide for a single ticket of Fascist candidates, and the measure which gave constitutional status to the Fascist Grand Council. Professing peaceful aims for Italy, he said he had been more than willing to sign the Kellogg anti-war treaty, and would hasten to sign more pacts if they were offered. This attitude he deemed necessary, in order that

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no nation could point to imperialistic aims in Italy as a menace to world peace. He reminded his hearers that the nations were continuing to arm, in spite of treaties, "daily launching new cruisers, submarines and other pacific instruments of war." Italy could not afford to be unprepared, and must bring its defenses to perfection.

Mexico.—The labor clash, noted in the last Chronical, between the Crom and President Portes Gil was followed by the publication of a statement by former President Calles to the effect that he was resigning the Presidency of the National Revolutionary party, whose organization he had sponsored a week before, and that he was withdrawing from public life. Simultaneously, riots were reported both within and without Parliament, and there were signs that the unanimity with which the Provisional President was welcomed at his inauguration on November 30, lacked stability. In retaliation of the Crom order that none of its members should cooperate with the Government, President Gil was said to intend forcing through his new labor legislation before the end of January. On the other hand, President Morones, of the Crom, announced that should the Government use any violence against any of its members the unions throughout the country would declare a general strike. Incidentally, the differences between the Crom and the new President occasioned some slight hope that there might be a chance for negotiations between the Government and churchmen looking towards some initial settlement.

Rumania.—The elections on December 12, resulting in an overwhelming victory for Premier Maniu and his National Peasant party, gave great satisfaction to the people. Eighty-five per cent of all the votes cast were for the Government faction, the remainder chiefly going to the Liberals and the Hungarians. Not a single place of the 376 in Parliament went to the Communists or anti-Semites. Even in his own district, ex-Premier Vintila Bratianu received a negligible vote. The election was Rumania's first free election. It was marked by complete order throughout the country, even though no troops or police were concentrated in any district. Incomplete reports from Transylvania indicated a total defeat for the Opposition. The new Parliament opens on December 22, and only one holiday, Christmas, is contemplated, so that the new budget may be passed at the end of the present year. Premier Maniu announced that he would appoint Dr. Stephen Pop, Nationalist Peasant Leader in Transylvania, as President of Parliament.

League of Nations.—The Fifty-third Council of the League opened at Lugano on December 10, in an atmosphere of uncertainty and pessimism. Lugano, instead of Geneva, was chosen, it was said, on account of the poor health of Dr. Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister. The latter was reported to have been seriously disappointed by the stand taken in recent speeches on the

questions of evacuation of the Rhineland and German fiscal liberty by M. Briand and Sir Austen Chamberlain, the latter of whom had declared that the Germans have no legal claim to the evacuation of the Rhineland before the payment of their debts. Italy sent, as her representative, Dino Grandi, who would have received a demonstration from local Fascists had it not been for the pouring rain. Shortly after their arrival, the French and German Foreign Ministers had a conference for one hour and a half, which M. Briand said was "very satisfactory."

Shortly after his arrival, M. Briand made known his opinions that the meeting of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, which is scheduled for the beginning of 1929, should be postponed until such a time as Mr. Hoover shall have had an opportunity to look into the question.

M. Loudon, President of the Commission, recommended that the meeting should be held on scheduled time, and should content itself with the discussion of minor points, the major problems being reserved for later. On December 7, the powerful British League of Nations Union issued a statement urging that an understanding be reached with the United States on the question of naval armament. It also recommended the signing of the optional treaty clause, committing all nations to a judicial settlement of international questions having a legal character, urged the speedy withdrawal of troops from Germany, etc. Lord Parmoor, the well-known jurist, and much of the British press, have also taken a different stand from Sir Austen on the necessity of speedy evacuation of the Rhineland.

Two moves were made at Lugano, on December 10, in response to President Coolidge's recent intimation of his desire to see negotiations for the entrance of the United States into the Permanent Court of International Justice. The first was a unanimous decision of the Council to postpone until next year settlement of the question as to whether the Council or Assembly may or may not by a simple majority of its members ask an advisory opinion from the Court, the American position being that unanimity is required. The second was a statement to the British press by Sir Austen Chamberlain, which was interpreted as encouraging Mr. Coolidge's initiative.

In our issue for next week, our dramatic critic, Elizabeth Jordan, in a wise and witty article discusses the better and the worse plays current on the New York stage.

Evolutionists, when a new skull or tooth is found, immediately apostrophize it as the long-lost missing-link. Their procedure is dogmatism, doubt, and then denial. Francis P. LeBuffe shows once more their divagations in his "So Heidelberg, Too, Is Human."

It would seem that Salzburg has become the dramatic and musical center of the world. Morton Dauwen Zabel, who attended the 1928 Festival, recounts his impressions in an entertaining article.

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WILFRID PARSONS
Editor-in-Chief

PAUL L. BLAKELY
JOHN LAFARGE

FRANCIS X. TALBOT
CHARLES I. DOYLE
Associate Editors

WILLIAM I. LONERGAN
JAMES A. GREELEY

FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE, Business Manager

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God's Christmas Gift

TO all its readers AMERICA wishes everything that is good on the birthday of the Divine Babe at Bethlehem.

He is God's great Christmas Gift to the world. Fittingly, then, do we remember one another at this holy season, but most fittingly do we remember the poor. No Christmas is Christian without alms-giving. As He has given Himself to us with much sacrifice, so let us give and count it joy when the giving means sacrifice.

Right and proper is it, as Belloc so feelingly reminds us, to make merry and be glad on Christmas Day. It is not a day for tears and long faces (although to some of us the memory of long past Christmas Days will come back with a sweetness that is akin to pain) but for smiles and happiness. God has given us so much; more than His Divine Son He could not give. The realization of this great truth that lies at the heart of the Christian dispensation, should cause us, in Scriptural language, to rejoice with a joy exceeding great. Our Lord brought joy to the heart of His maiden Mother. The heart of Joseph, the man of faith, who looked at the Child in the manger and adored Him as his God, beat with new joy that his eyes had seen the Desired of Israel. He will bring joy to us as well, if with good will we kneel at the manger and strive in our poor way to minister unto Him.

And our joy will be all the keener, purer, sweeter, if our Christmas Day means that we have taken from the store, little or great, that God has given us, to share it with the poor. They most truly represent the Divine Babe. Before His blessed coming His foster-father searched in vain for a generous heart that would give a refuge to Mary, blessed among all women. In later years He had not where to lay His head. Poor Himself, He loved the poor. We too must love them, and show that love whenever, as on Christmas Day, want of the neces-

sities of life is so heavy a burden. Thus do we truly minister to Him, who for our sakes was born a poor little Babe in Bethlehem.

The swaddling clothes of precious stuffs that we should gladly have provided for Him in Bethlehem, let us give to some little child in our own neighborhood. The food and the fire we should have offered with joy to Mary and Joseph, let us take to some cold and hungry home that we know. Well has it been said that whoever makes glad the heart of one little child makes the joy bells of Heaven peal. Better has it been said that whosoever will minister to the poor, ministers to the Son of God.

We shall draw near, too, please God, on Christmas morning to receive in Holy Communion (more favored than the shepherds) the most precious Gift of Himself. We can bring Him gifts, not gold and frankincense and myrrh, but the gift of a loving heart that has proved its love of the Divine Child by love of His poor little brothers and sisters.

The Honorable Congress

UP to the present moment, the honorable Congress has done nothing that is world-shaking. Probably many of our citizens are quite content. They fear that if Congress acted at all, it would do something that should not be done. This is all very well from one point of view, but after all, a Congress is supposed to do more than merely sit. At least, a glance at the Constitution lends some color to that contention.

Congress, particularly that branch known as the lower House, is at present in no high repute. Few except the politicians seem to care who goes there. Only the lobbyists seem to care what happens after they get there. The result is all that might be expected.

The lightness with which members of Congress regard their constitutional duties is proverbial. Needless to say, this criticism does not apply generally. The late Henry Jones Ford, a keen judge of affairs at Washington, was wont to display small patience with the contention that the old Titans had been replaced by pigmies. But there is enough truth in the criticism to make it worth considering.

The lower House has often appeared either forgetful of the Constitution, or unmindful of it. A case in point is its persistent refusal to reapportion the Representatives. The Constitution provides that Representatives "shall be apportioned among the several States . . . according to their respective numbers," depending upon an actual enumeration which "shall be made" every ten years. The House, however, interprets this "shall," which to the layman appears mandatory, in a most light-hearted manner. "Shall be made every ten years" means to Congress "whenever Congress shall see fit." The last apportionment was made in 1910. Hence at present some States have more Representatives and electoral votes than they are entitled to, and some States fewer.

Possibly the Senate ranks higher in public esteem, although the radicals will here present a vigorous dissent. They do not forget that Senator Walsh broke into the oil-theft combines only after Senatorial opposition of the

most determined sort. However, "the lame ducks" now in session at Washington will soon limp out, and possibly their successors may soar as eagles high into the blue empyrean of statecraft. We trust that in their soaring they will not forget to cast an eye now and then on the Constitution—particularly on those parts which refer to the reserved powers of the States and of the people. One way of finding the right path, even in the empyrean, is to know where all the wrong paths are.

Press Censorship

IN his annual report Dr. John W. Cunliffe, Dean of the School of Journalism at Columbia, presents some interesting observations on the manner in which English newspapers report criminal trials. Recent legislation which restricts the reporting of divorce cases is also exercising a healthy restraint on the reporting of unpleasant details in other legal processes.

The press, it would appear, is free to give the names of the persons and of the issues involved. It may not, however, reproduce what is said by the witnesses. Thus in a recent divorce case, the London *Times* began by giving the names of the parties and their respective claims. Then followed the names of "numerous and distinguished counsel"—for the case presented what are known in America as "sensational details"—and of the witnesses. The *Times* then took advantage of a compromise which, Dr. Cunliffe writes, "may satisfy all legitimate interests." While the press is not permitted to print the testimony, it may print whatever is said by the judge in his charge to the jury, including whatever testimony he may repeat. This "compromise" affords the judge an opportunity of punishing through the press parties deemed deserving of public condemnation, and leaves to his discretion the decision of what part of the testimony, if any, is to be published. Dr. Cunliffe believes that this method strengthens the courts as agents "for the improvement of morals" by castigating evil doers.

However this may be, it is obvious that this control of the press is an effective restraint against such horrors as every sensational trial spreads on the front page of our own journals. We wish we could say that this irresponsible reporting was confined to the tabloids and the yellow press, but, unfortunately, it is not. In the latest most notorious murder and divorce cases near New York, the more respectable New York journals were quite as unrestrained as the yellowest members of the local press. As a matter of fact, while exercising better taste in the publication of photographs, they reproduced far more of the objectionable testimony than did the tabloids.

It is clear, however, that pre-publication censorship, as described by Dr. Cunliffe, is forbidden both by the Federal and our State Constitutions. The only legal censorship possible in this country is punishment for what has been published; and this censorship, as long experience has demonstrated, is insufficient to check the evils of which the public justly complains. Juries are slow to convict, and prosecuting attorneys are slower to ask indictments. Hence a legal remedy, such as Great Britain has

found, can not be applied in the United States. Perhaps our reputable schools of journalism can aid in establishing higher standards, and for the rest we must hope to find a genuine, lasting cure in the refining influences of education and religion.

Judged by our press alone, we are indeed a gross and vulgar people. In the meantime, however, parents can and should have recourse to the effective censorship of keeping objectionable publications out of the home and the school. Incidentally, not the least effective way of curbing the licentious press is a subscription to a Catholic publication.

The Catholic Census

TO the *Bulletin* of the National Catholic Welfare Conference for November, the Rev. Gerald Shaughnessy, S.M., S.T.D., contributes an interesting analysis of the Catholic figures in the religious census for 1926. This census, reported decennially, as of the sixth year of the decade, is compiled from questionnaires sent to the diocesan authorities throughout the country. In 1916, the accuracy of the returns was seriously questioned. The returns for the present census seem equally open to question.

AS AMERICA observed two years ago, the census is at best only an estimate, and can never be of statistical value until the method of compilation is changed to approximate that used in the regular decennial census. No blame can attach to the diocesan authorities, who did all in their power to secure correct returns, nor to the pastors. The Catholic population is predominantly urban, the proportion reaching about eighty per cent. Even a slight acquaintance with a large city parish will indicate the moral impossibility of securing an accurate census with the means at the disposal of the average pastor. In the ten largest cities of the country, there is a large floating population, the members of which remain in no one parish long enough to appear on any parish list. Father Shaughnessy estimates that "millions of devout, practising Catholics are not known personally to any priest and hence are not enrolled on any parish census list." The Government census gives the Catholic population as 18,604,850. The "Catholic Directory" figures for the same year, 1926, are 19,483,296. Since the Directory figures for some growing dioceses have remained unchanged for twenty years, there can be no doubt that these figures are below the real number of Catholics. Father Shaughnessy would place the number at about 25,000,000, "including in this number the merely nominal Catholics." With these excluded, "the number should perhaps be placed somewhere between twenty and twenty-two million."

A study of available statistics inclines us to agree with this estimate. If, however, it be even approximately correct, it affords food for serious thought. Where are our children?

Accepting the Government figures—the lowest estimate—there are about 3,720,000 children between five and fourteen years of age. Accepting Father Shaughnessy's estimate (excluding merely nominal Catholics), there are

about 4,200,000. A liberal estimate of the number of children in the parish and private Catholic schools, is 2,000,000. Some would reduce this number by 300,000. Whatever estimate be adopted, it is clear that less than half of our little children are in Catholic schools, and more than half of them in schools from which the spirit of the Babe in Bethlehem is carefully excluded.

This sober fact should bring home to us forcibly the tremendous amount of labor that remains to be finished in the educational field. We cannot too often repeat that the future of the Church, humanly speaking, lies in the elementary schools. Experience seems to show that neither the home nor the Sunday school can give the child that training in religion which is so necessary in this worldly, materialistic age. If the child is not taught his religion at school, it is highly probable that he will never be taught.

The Church has made great progress in the last fifty years. But unless we can provide schools for our children what hope have we of progress in the next fifty?

The Bible in the Schools

THE eve of Christmas brings the news that the New York Freethinkers Association is preparing legal measures to put an end to the reading of the Bible in the public schools.

We have no sympathy whatever with the purpose of the Association to destroy all supernatural religion.

Yet this campaign will point out sharply, it must be confessed, an issue which must be met and solved. For fifty years we have dodged it, endeavoring to take refuge in compromises unsatisfactory to all parties. As we have frequently observed, the union of secularism with public elementary education, is an unhappy one. Possibly it satisfies the freethinker and the religious indifferentist, but it cannot satisfy any man whose belief in God and the binding force of God's law is anything more than a fleeting emotion. Nor can it satisfy the student of social science who reviews the early American schools, religious to the core, and who ponders on the political wisdom given us by Washington and his associates in the Farewell Address. In an era in which the religious education of the child was given in the home, and was supplemented by the Sunday school, the evil effects of a purely secularistic training in the schools were not so evident. Today, when the home is almost a negligible factor in religious education, they cry aloud for a remedy.

But the mere reading of passages from the Bible does not provide that remedy. To the extent that this reading signifies a recognition of God's rule over man, Catholics approve it. To the extent that it is offered as a substitute for religious training, they must consider it woefully insufficient. And whenever it is proposed as a religious rite, possessing a sacramental or quasi-sacramental effect upon the hearers, they must reject it as a heresy.

It must be confessed, too, that if Bible reading in the public schools is presented as a religious ceremony, then the Freethinkers Association has a strong case in law.

The ruling of the New York court, which saved the religious instruction plan, was based entirely on the right of

the school authorities to dismiss the children at suitable intervals, on petition of the parents, for instruction in certain subjects not offered by the public school. Its decision was, in substance, a judicial review of the power of the State educational authorities to diminish or increase the number of hours to be devoted by teachers and pupils to the prescribed course of studies. The court held that this power existed, and that it had been reasonably exercised by the authorities. It most assuredly was not ruling on the constitutionality or propriety of compulsory religious exercises, such as Bible reading, in the school itself.

As far as the law and the Constitution are in question, the atheist and the freethinker may appeal for redress whenever religion is forced upon them or their children by any public authority. If their religious sensibilities are affronted when their children are forced to listen to the reading of the New Testament, their complaint must be recognized as *bona fide* by the courts. They may be thwarted by technical evasions. But they are pushing to the fore a question that sooner or later must be met squarely on its legal and constitutional merits. Shall we compel the public-school system to go to the extreme of secularism logically justified by the principle on which it is reared? Or shall we scrap it for a system in which the religious rights of all are not only recognized but promoted?

Educating the Unfit

THE complaint is made in New York that the high schools are not producing the results which the teachers, more than any others, earnestly desire. This is a familiar complaint, not only in New York, but in most of our large cities. A New York teacher, however, states very frankly that one of the reasons for failure can be very easily found. It is "the admission of hordes of students from the elementary schools whose intellectual attainments do not entitle them to admission."

But this is not the fault, as he recognizes, of the teachers in the lower schools. As a result of economic pressure, he writes, "students are 'passed up' from the elementary schools so that there will be seats for those in the grades below."

A remedy would seem to be more seats, and more teachers, in the lower schools. Another remedy would be the dissipation of the delusion that every boy and girl must attend high school.

However, as long as the democracy in education policy continues, that remedy will never be sought, and we shall continue to "put" boys and girls through high school and college. This will involve the founding of schools through which they can be "put"—schools which will not attempt to train their minds, or even their fingers, but simply to keep them occupied with devices that, it is hoped, are not wholly useless.

We love education in this country. It costs more than any other State activity. But we do not seem to care whether what we pay for is education or a base counterfeit. That policy is not only harmful but stupid.

St. Joseph in the Christmas Mystery

WILLIAM I. LONERGAN, S.J.

AS in adoration and wonderment the angels of heaven and the shepherd lads from the environs of Bethlehem look in on the rude stable that witnesses Christ's nativity, unquestionably the center of the tableau upon which they gaze is the infant Man-God reclining in His manger cradle and the ecstatic Virgin-Mother that watches lovingly beside it. Yet just in the shadow of the crib is another figure and, though profound humility keeps Lady Mary's husband in the background of the picture, St. Joseph cannot be dissociated from the mystery.

In the eternal designs of Providence it was Joseph the carpenter of Nazareth who was to be helpmate of the Mother of the Word Incarnate, the provider for her needs, the protector of her fair name and the unimpeachable witness of her Divine maternity. It was as his son that Jesus, Boy and Man, was to be known among their townfolk, and he was to be His supporter, His guardian and His guide. Without a peer, Joseph was to stand before the world as the spouse of Mary and the foster-father of the Saviour.

In the dramatic Scripture story of Jesus of Nazareth, apart from the so-called Gospels of the Infancy, St. Joseph has no role. There are vague allusions to him when Our Lord during His public career is occasionally referred to as the son of Joseph the carpenter; that is all. But in the accounts of Christ's early life sketched by both St. Matthew and St. Luke, along with "the child and his mother," Joseph always occupies the center of the stage. In both the genealogies which the Evangelists have recorded for us, Christ's ancestry is traced through Joseph's line. When the Annunciation takes place the Virgin to whom the angel appears is "espoused to a man whose name was Joseph." It is his soul that wrestles with the heart-breaking problem of whether Mary is to be publicly denounced as unfaithful to her betrothal vows. On him primarily devolves the obligation of the journey to Bethlehem to be enrolled at Caesar's behest, and the fruitless task of seeking suitable quarters for his maiden companion who is soon to become a mother. It is he, too, who is to be responsible for the naming of Mary's Child: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus," and who is to be host to the shepherds and the kings when, heaven-drawn, they come to pay homage to the new-born Babe. When Christ is circumcised and presented in the temple, when the flight and sojourn in Egypt are necessary to shield the Infant from the ruthless Herod, when the Boy of twelve is to make his official visit to the temple in the Holy City—the occasion of His loss—Joseph is inseparable from the episode. Is it any wonder that at each recurrent Christmastide the devout Catholic ever links Joseph with Jesus and Mary in his thoughts, and that without him no Christmas contemplation can be complete?

A good deal of legend, chiefly from apocryphal sources, has grown up through the ages around St. Joseph. All

of this, however, may well be disregarded. The inspired writers have not let us into his early life, and however piously one may speculate about it, the task would be an idle one. It is enough that Holy Writ records sufficient about him to bring home to us the significance of his life, to justify his cult which the Church so zealously fosters, and to stimulate our confidence in him and our trust in his powerful intercession.

As we re-read the story of Christ's birth, the first salient fact that stands out about St. Joseph is that he is really and truly the husband of Our Lady. True, according to the discreet but direct expression of the Gospel, "he knew her not"; but their sacred regard for virginity did not make the tie that united them less genuinely marital. After all, what essentially constitutes marriage is the mutual agreement of a man and woman to live together as husband and wife, and once a bride and groom have pledged their troth they are as much married as they will ever be. Subsequent cohabitation may strengthen and confirm the bond but it does not create it.

Of the details of the marriage of Mary and Joseph we are entirely ignorant: of the fact there is no doubt. A popular tradition makes Joseph already venerable and patriarchal when Our Lady became his wife, but it is purely legendary. Regarding the time when it occurred, Scripture seems to lend itself to a twofold interpretation. In consequence some scholars place the marriage of the holy couple before the Incarnation, while others, the great Aquinas among them, incline to the opinion that it only took place after the Visitation when Joseph discovered Mary to be with child and when in his dilemma as to what to do, God's angel revealed the supernatural marvels that were being wrought in her and bade him, "fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost." Certainly before the angel Gabriel came to Mary with his heavenly commission, they were solemnly affianced, for St. Luke is clear that the Virgin "was espoused to a man whose name was Joseph." And among contemporary Jews, though the engaged parties continued to dwell apart, they might call each other husband and wife, and any breach of the relationship would be treated as adultery.

The certainty of the actual marriage between St. Joseph and our Blessed Lady is guaranteed by St. Matthew's text which mentions that after Joseph's mind had been set at rest by the angel's revelation of what had occurred to Mary, "Joseph rising up from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had commanded him, and took unto him his wife," a statement that is further corroborated from the fact that Mary's Child was commonly reputed to be Joseph's son, even she herself referring to him as the "father" of Jesus, and speaking of him and herself as His "parents."

Of the marriage, whenever it was celebrated, it had

nothing, as Père Didon carefully notes, except the perfection of the pair to distinguish it from others. Apart from Joseph and Mary no one suspected that, in the counsels of God, it was intended to prepare the cradle of the Messias, and to give the Christ and His Mother the support of a man, who should be, according to the law, the husband of the one and the father of the other. Joseph understood the part that he was to take in the birth of Jesus; he felt himself the guardian of two things alike sacred and weak, the virginity of his wife and the childhood of Him who should be born of her.

A second and equally important truth about St. Joseph is that he is in no wise the "natural" father of Our Lord. Rationalists and Modernists who deny the miraculous quite logically reject the Virgin birth and so make Christ the offspring of the carpenter of Nazareth. It is true that His supernatural conception is a mystery; but in itself, when understood as the Catholic Church teaches it, it implies nothing unreasonable or absurd.

Scripture is explicit that the Saviour was conceived by a Virgin and conceived of the Holy Ghost. "Before they [Mary and Joseph] came together," as St. Matthew witnesses, "she was found with child of the Holy Ghost." When her condition was discovered Joseph "was minded to put her away privately" as unfaithful, a move that would be meaningless were he responsible for it. Throughout His public career Jesus insists in His preaching that He is the "natural" Son of God, an impossible fact had He a human father. When Peter gloriously confesses "thou art the Christ the Son of the living God," he would hardly have merited the praise bestowed on him by the Master had he not been proclaiming a wonderfully new revelation.

The whole purpose of St. John's Gospel is "that you may believe that Christ is the Son of God and that believing you may have life in his name," and so unmistakably is he speaking of a real and not an adoptive sonship that adversaries of Christ's Divinity, to evade the dilemma in which they find themselves, usually treat the entire narrative as an allegory. Even the Jews understood Our Lord to claim this "natural" sonship, for when the High Priest officially asked Him at His trial, "art thou the son of the living God?" and He replied, "I am," they charged Him with blasphemy, a charge that would have been entirely illogical had they considered Him to speak of Himself as the Son of God only in a metaphorical or spiritual sense. It is, moreover, a curious fact that although Scripture often applies the expression "son of God" in the plural form to creatures, in the singular we never find it employed of any angel or mere man except once, of Solomon, and then in a typical meaning, so that as often as it is used absolutely and without explanation or qualification it is reserved exclusively to Christ.

But if Joseph is not the "natural" father of the Word Incarnate, he is assuredly His foster-father. So the people refer to him. So Mary speaks of him. So Christ treats him. When the former finds Him in the temple she says, "thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing," and after He had gone down with them to Nazareth, all during the hidden years, "he was subject to them."

When therefore on Christmas day we take account of Lady Mary and her Babe, the unobtrusive carpenter that stands near the manger must not be ignored. He will impress on those baby lips their first kiss after His maiden Mother's: in his strong arms the Infant will be carried securely to Egypt: his will be the privilege of guiding His boyhood, instructing Him later in a trade and, as the shadows of life gather, of having Him for his partner in his humble workshop. He is very close to the mystery of Christ's nativity: and very close also to Jesus and Mary in heaven; so close in fact, that Mother Church never separates them in her worship. On earth, he was the successful guardian and caretaker of God's two dearest possessions: in heaven, the Church acknowledges him her most powerful protector, and every follower of Christ finds in him a patron to be trusted and confided in amid life's trials and especially at the hour of death, seeing that it was his unique prerogative to expire in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

Twenty-five Years of Aviation

J. C. CULEMANS.

ON the eve of the Wright brothers' epochal flight, Rear Admiral George W. Melville of the United States Navy, wrote in a paper entitled "The Engineer and the Problem of Aerial Navigation": "Outside of the proven impossible, there probably can be found no better example of the speculative tendency carrying man to the verge of the chimerical than in his attempts to imitate the birds, or no field where so much inventive seed has been sown with so little return as in the attempts of man to fly successfully through the air." Almost at the same time, Professor Simon Newcomb, answering his own question, "Is the Airship Coming?" insisted that the laws of physics were unalterably opposed to such a fanciful undertaking. And he concluded: "The example of the birds does not prove that man can fly. May not our mechanicians be ultimately forced to admit that this is one of the great class of problems with which man can never cope?" After the unsuccessful experiment of Professor Langley, Ambrose Bierce's trenchant pen relieved itself thus: "I don't know how much larger Professor Langley's machine is than its flying model was—about large enough, I think, to require an atmosphere a little denser than the intelligence of one scientist, and not quite as dense as that of two." All of which is but one more instance of that sheer scientific dogmatism sublimely unconscious of its own limitations.

A few weeks later, on December 17, 1903, took place the historic flight at Kitty Hawk, N. C. Two unknown mechanics, working in obscurity, heedless of learned sneers, staking their small fortune on testing out and coordinating physical laws, lifted their plane off the earth under its own power. The scientific world took little notice of the invention, or of its sponsors. Undaunted they forged ahead at Dayton and gradually perfected their machine. Almost a year later, on September 15, 1904, Orville Wright succeeded in making the first turn with an airplane in flight, and a few days afterwards Wilbur

Wright made the first circle. During the third year, in 1905, they attained an average speed of thirty-eight miles an hour, and each successive flight covered a greater distance. At the end of these three years the Wrights were still the only men who had ever flown. For a long time they found it impossible to interest their own Government. Time brings its sweet revenge. This year the United States took the initiative in calling an international aviation conference in Washington. And on December 17, delegates from some thirty countries gathered at Kitty Hawk to unveil the foundations of a worthy monument to the genius of the Wrights. Five years after the launching of the first airplane, the Washington authorities finally became interested. On February 1, 1908, competitive bids were asked for by the Signal Corps of the army for "one heavier-than-air flying machine capable of carrying two men and gasoline enough for a flight of 125 miles, of attaining a speed of 40 miles an hour, or flying for an hour and of landing undamaged." The opening of the bids, twenty-two in number, furnished ample and amusing proof of the chaotic state of scientific aerodynamics at this time. Very wisely the War Department awarded the contract to the Wrights.

To them belongs the undisputed honor of pioneering the way. For while other countries had taken up aviation, the first flight on foreign soil was made only on April 11, 1908, by Leon Delagrangé, in France, and it lasted but six and a half minutes. The real impetus to European aviation was given by Wilbur Wright when he began flying at Le Mans, France, on August 8, 1908, and soon broke all records. The following year both brothers went to Europe where their plane and its performance created tremendous excitement among crowned heads, prime ministers and people.

The airplane was still little more than a curiosity, however. Its commercial possibilities had hardly been visualized. It came to be thought of rather as a new weapon in warfare, and for some time to come military and naval officers applied themselves in desultory fashion to its development. In 1909 the United States air corps, if such it may be called, consisted of three officers and ten enlisted men. In 1911, Congress appropriated \$125,000 for military aeronautics. This appropriation was increased to \$300,000 in 1914. Upon our entering the War, Congress, on July 24, 1917, voted the staggering sum of \$600,000,000 for aircraft purposes. One of the most discreditable episodes of those hectic days was the well-nigh criminal waste of that immense amount.

The European war literally made the airplane. In the desperate struggle for supremacy it quickly became of tremendous importance. The best brains of the warring nations produced new and better models in rapid succession, and daring youngsters, promoted to captains and majors almost overnight, rode the skies in search of their prey with grim disregard of danger and death. More powerful and more reliable engines, stronger and swifter planes appeared on both sides of the front. The war in the air became the most spectacular feature of that spectacular and gory fray.

Then came the armistice. Dazed, weary, surfeited,

men's minds turned away in violent reaction from everything connected with the savagery in which they had reveled all too long. Few could conceive of the airplane as anything but an instrument of destruction. There were those who timidly ventured to suggest that it might now be made to add to the welfare of mankind. Their proposals fell on deaf ears. As early as 1918 our Post Office Department took some military planes and began an airmail service between Washington and New York. That venture had to be abandoned. But it proved the beginning of a new era.

The Post Office Department made another attempt and finally built up an airmail service between New York and Chicago. In July, 1924, this service was extended to San Francisco. Just one year later an overnight service was inaugurated between New York and Chicago. Meanwhile a small number of young men trained during the war period, had clung to their adventurous career, hoping to reap their reward in due time. They imbued others with their own enthusiasm. Since the Post Office Department made known its intention to relinquish at some future time all carrying of mail into the hands of private contractors, they took heart. During 1925, preparations were made with this end in view, and early in 1926 the first privately owned airmail lines went into operation: between St. Louis and Chicago, and between Dallas and Chicago. Others followed, and as they proved able to handle the mail business, the Post Office finally turned over its transcontinental line on competitive bids to private enterprise. A complicated postage schedule was simplified, first to a straight fee of ten cents, and then to a straight fee of five cents. At present contract air mail routes cover 11,191 miles, on which 27,817 miles are flown daily, almost half of this total being by night. Air transport in the United States has thus become a reality without any subsidy from the public treasury. Liberal government grants are made to practically every European airline, amounting in some cases to seventy per cent.

Large as is our air mail mileage, it is surprising to realize that it represents only one-tenth of the civilian flying that is done in the United States. In consequence, our aircraft industry, which had dwindled to almost nothing after the War, has made tremendous strides. According to reports of the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce, we have at present sixty-one airplane factories and twenty-six engine factories. Their combined output during the past year amounted to \$15,000,000. New capital is being poured into the industry on a large scale, and while it already has assets of \$100,000,000, this amount may be doubled in another year. Aviation is no longer an adventure: it has settled down to prosaic business.

Military and commercial aviation have become sharply differentiated. The army and navy require a type of plane that is unsuitable for commercial work. They need planes that are not only rugged but high-powered and swift and extremely maneuverable. Load-carrying capacity is a minor requirement, except in bombers. Air transport lines do not need extreme speed, but safety and carrying capacity or pay load. The Aeronautics Branch

of the Department of Commerce is contributing very largely to the development of commercial aviation.

As these facilities are extended, passenger service by air will also take on a new impetus. Thus far it has been of a desultory character. Not that there is any lack of demand on the part of the public, but the operators have not encouraged passenger service. They mean to divorce it from the mail service altogether, and to provide special multi-motored planes to increase the safety factor as much as possible. This coming year will see the start of several such passenger through-air, or air-rail, lines extending across the country. The mail will fly unhampered from New York to San Francisco in little more than twenty-four hours. Passenger service will be slower, but the lowest speed will be over 100 miles an hour, and will cut in half the all-rail time between the Atlantic and Pa-

cific terminals. However, to quite an extent it is still true that air transport is in its infancy.

With all these signs of progress in evidence, the question naturally presents itself: Will the airplane become as ubiquitous in a few years as the automobile is at present? The airplane itself is a materialized chimera, the final outcome of an age-long day-dream. If we smile indulgently at the skeptic scientist who declared it an outrageous violation of his pet laws, it seems rash to assert that it is not destined to come into general every-day use. Yet, for the time being several difficulties militate against its wide-spread adoption as a private vehicle: its size, its price, its inherent difficulties of management. The restless mind of man will provide the answer to these as it has provided the answer to so many troublous problems of aviation during its first quarter century.

Midnight or Five in the Morning?

GRACE HAUSMANN SHERWOOD

THE Clarkes had come in and we had spent the evening playing bridge after our usual fashion, the women against the men, neither for points nor corners but for the sheer love of beating one's adversaries. Tabitha and I had laid the men out and were gloating over it and the men were glooming, for the same reason.

Peter and I were so gloomful and gloatful, respectively, I having just made five clubs, doubled and redoubled, Peter doing the doubling, that neither of us noticed that the house was getting chilly until Tabitha slipped out to the hall for her scarf. Realizing then that our game had lasted long enough to play out the furnace fire as well as lay out the men, Peter and I sprang to our duties, he to start a roaring fire on the hearth, I to go after the tea and sandwiches which are our usual snack after a game on winter evenings.

Peter is a famous fire maker. His fire was soon crackling cheerfully, filling the room with warmth and the pungent odor of burning wood. From the card table in front of it, hastily laid with silver and linen, came the odor of freshly brewed tea mingling with the smoke from the wild-cherry log spitting sparks steadily at the fire screen. It was a supper table in miniature, but with all the furtherance to talk which food gives, magnified by that greatest of all furtherances, an open fire. We talked, late into the night, of many things.

Of tunnels and their superstitions, for one, since Paul is an engineer and knows the secret terrors of those who labor under ground. Of newspapers, for another, and how a story "breaks," since Peter is—but everybody knows what Peter is. And lastly, when it should have been firstly, of Christmas.

We women did that, Tabitha and I, when we could finally get a word in edgeways, a thing unbelievably hard to do when men are talking as every woman knows, popular belief to the opposite notwithstanding. There may be

silent men in the world, but if there are they do not come to our house not sit by our fire. Too many times have I, to keep from bursting, jumped up and stirred the fire, noisily, as a signal (stop signal), rolling around, meanwhile, in my mind the *bon mot* which had just come into it, polishing it off to sure perfection, *intending* to spring it out upon the tobacco smoke at the very first pause. And taking my seat again, to keep it in silence, my precious *bon mot* perishing in my throat of desuetude, the pause never having arrived! But let that pass, for the present.

By careful watch at breath-takings and the lighting of cigars on the men's part, by Tabitha quickly inserting a sentence here and I one there, by patience and repetition of our tactics we finally got some treble waves splashing upon the shores of the booming river of bass. Having got them splashing we kept them so. Corruption in high places and the seeping of water into low places had to give way to what, being women and home-makers, had been uppermost in our minds all evening—the nearness of the Great Feast and our terrifying unpreparedness for it. For who is *ever* ready for Christmas? From gift buying and the crowds in the stores, from the many things to be done before the twenty-fifth, we came, naturally, being what we are in faith, to the crux of Christmas, its First Mass.

Tabitha, who had grown up not a hundred miles from New York, had never in her life gone to any but midnight Mass on Christmas. Paul, who had been raised in the shadow of a monastery, had imbibed the same tradition about the feast. And now they had moved to our parish where there was no midnight Mass on Christmas Day. Their disappointment over our five o'clock Mass was mutual and intense.

"It was at midnight that the angels sang!" Tabitha insisted, as a clinch to her argument. "It is the *only* time for First Mass, the *real* time. I won't feel, this year, as

if it *was* Christmas. Let's all go in town somewhere where they have a midnight Mass!"

"And then we won't have to get up early, Christmas, because we will have gone to church before we went to bed," Paul contributed. "Fancy!" he continued. "Getting up at four-thirty on Christmas morning! Suppose the thermometer stands at eighteen then as it stood yesterday morning?"

I sat silent while our friends were arguing for midnight Mass. I was remembering things out of my own childhood, beautiful things that I didn't want ever to forget, things that no midnight Mass, however solemn, could have given one to remember. They did not *know*. It was never hard to get up on Christmas morning. Why, getting up on that day had been an event, unlike getting up on any other day in the whole year!

First, there was the terrible fear, Christmas eve, that the alarm would not go off, or that going off, no one would hear it. Mother always had such an impending fear of this calamity that she secretly got word to the policeman on the beat that if he were passing and if there were no lights in our house at half-past four he was to knock. However, he never had to knock!

And then, once the alarm had gone off, what a time in the house! Lights going up everywhere, and voices. Subdued, or meant to be, on account of the baby, but ubiquitous, nevertheless. "What stockings am I to put on?" "Sh-sh-sh! The *baby*!" "There's the first bell!" This from over the bannisters, upstairs, in a sepulchral stage whisper, because of the "sh-sh-shing" about the stockings. (As if anybody could fail to hear the Cathedral bell only a few squares away!) Then, from downstairs, "Oh! My hat's in the *parlor*!"

Consternation, until Mother comes to the rescue, goes in the parlor's back door and retrieves the unfortunate hat. Then all hands go tip-toeing past the parlor with not so much as a peep, hardly a thought in that direction. Mass and Holy Communion for all except yourself, who, custom being what it was then, will be only a looker and a longer when the *Domine, non sum dignus* bell rings.

And then, suddenly, the front door shut behind you and the dark street stretching away in front of you, you holding on tight to mother's hand, your brother and sister pressing in close, but not close enough to take away your place of vantage, you being the youngest and this the very first time you have ever been allowed to go to First Mass, having arrived at the enormous age of ten! Mind getting up? Why you minded so much, joyfully, I mean, that you almost cried for pleasure in it. Morning, yet the street dark, like midnight. Incredible to ten! And everything so queerly silent after the noise of last night's carnival which you had not been allowed to stay up and see but which, nevertheless you had heard, cries and bells and horns and all, while you lay rigid in bed, trying, oh, so hard, to get to sleep so you could be waked to go to First Mass for the first time! Mind getting up! They didn't know what they had missed!

And then Peter, who had never gone to Mass on Christmas in his life until he married me and has never missed going since, jumped into the conversation with

both feet, as it were, interrupting my reverie, or "stream of consciousness" if you prefer that term.

"Do either of you know the look of the country at half-past four on a winter morning?" he asked, eagerly, looking from one to the other of our guests. "When it's cold and clear," he went on, "with stars or a Christmas moon maybe, in the sky; when the evergreens loom up like ghosts and the open spaces seem to sweep off into infinity; when, always, as you walk, there is far to the east in front of you, the big city getting ready to waken, with the dawn just behind it and near, at the end of a mile or so, the lighted little church, music streaming out from it and people streaming into it. *That* is the picture that is indelibly associated in my mind with Mass on Christmas day. Beautiful!"

"Peter!" I cried, "You are invading my own realm and waxing poetic. Is it copyright, that idea of the big city sleeping with the dawn behind it? I'd like to use it myself, if it isn't!"

Tabitha would have none of my raillery. "No more beautiful than midnight Mass," she insisted. "Did you ever go, Peter? Perhaps you don't know anything about it."

"Once!" replied Peter, speaking slowly. "We went to a big church in town where the really fine choir was augmented by an orchestra for that occasion. The music was magnificent. I remember that and the crowds that went to Communion."

"That's what I mean," Tabitha said, breathlessly. "A lovely *Gloria* ringing out when it's midnight outside, like the first Christmas, and then, the whole churchful of people crowding to the altar rail, like the shepherds to the manger. Oh, it's *too* beautiful! Surely, Peter, you could not *help* loving that midnight Mass!"

Peter wrinkled his brows, disliking to cast cold water on his guest's enthusiasms. But in acquiring me Peter has acquired, somehow, many of my tastes, predilections, call them what you will. Early Mass on Christmas is one of them so acquired. But before Peter could couch his opinions in suitable language, Paul had cut in, pointing out still another side to the question.

"You come home and go to bed and when you wake up Christmas morning there's nothing to do but enjoy the day. The 'church going' is over."

Peter's face lighted up in the manner of one who has just found the cue he had been seeking.

"That's just it!" he exclaimed. "The 'church going' is over when you wake up and it doesn't seem one bit like Christmas. At least," he added hastily, seeing words of expostulation forming on Tabitha's lips, "it didn't to *me*, that time. Something was *gone*."

"We would feel that way if we didn't stay up on Christmas eve to go to midnight Mass!" both the Clarkes exclaimed together. "As if something was gone out of Christmas!"

It was a hopeless argument, impossible of settlement with two for it and two against it each way. Besides it was entirely too late to be arguing anything. At half past one even night owls like ourselves began to think of bed.

"Do you suppose, Peter," I said anxiously, after the

Clarkes had gone, "that we are getting set in our ways and can't adapt ourselves to change? Nearly everyone we know likes midnight Mass better than early Mass on Christmas."

"Nearly everyone we know likes automobile riding better than walking, but I notice that that hasn't made you give up your tramps to the village. Why not hold on to your likes if you have them?"

"Nevertheless, I am going to ask Patricia what she thinks, when she comes home Friday. She's too young for mind-sets. Her reactions are bound to be modern."

Up in her room, Friday, when Patricia had tossed her hat and slicker on a chair, disgorged the contents of the inset to her new suit-case which, denuded of its fittings, serves her for week-ends, had dutifully inquired about the family and its affairs and, her mind free, was approaching her dressing table to take up the serious concerns of life, I bethought me of my decision.

Since swimming time, Patricia has put on her hair, her own, and these freshly grown locks seem to take a prodigious amount of pulling and pinning, of turning under and what not, to get them stretched to the nape of Patricia's neck. With these new labors added to the session at the dressing table, there would be leisure for interview. I pulled up a rocker, settled myself in it and put the question:

"Patricia, you've gone to midnight Mass on Christmas with other of your relatives and to early Mass with us. Which do you prefer?"

"Early Mass!" Patricia came back instantly. "Why?"

"Oh, I just wanted to know! I seem dimly to remember that the first Christmas you spent with us you wailed very loudly beforehand over having to get out of your warm bed at four-fifteen!"

"I seem to remember that, dimly, too," Patricia agreed, giving her accommodating hair one last tug. "But that was because I didn't know any better!"

"You were very young!" I conceded. "But you don't have to be just polite, Pat, you know. I am after the truth!"

Patricia wheeled round on her stool. "I mean, didn't know how *nice* it was!" she exclaimed quickly. Pat's eyes got dreamy. Locks were forgotten for the moment. "Going down the dark road with you and Nunkie, I mean, warming our hands in his pockets! And passing the houses sitting on their lawns like houses on Christmas cards! And everything so still! And the star that's *always* in the east, somehow, so that we're walking towards it, like the Magi! Who would want midnight Mass when they could have *that*!"

"The Clarkes," I told her. "They want it so bad that they're going in town that night to some church that has it."

Her uncle's key could be heard, suddenly, being put in the front door. Patricia turned precipitately to finish off her appearance.

"Tell you what," she flung over her shoulder. "Ask them in to spend Christmas eve with us. Make them *walk* to church next morning, like you make Nunkie and me. Just once! That's all!"

Advent but No Christmas

FRANCIS P. LE BUFFE, S.J.

OUR Advent is of four weeks. There was once an Advent of some thousands of years—and it had no Christmas. From what time God called Abraham from Ur of the Chaldeans, his children were expectant of the Messiah, the "Anointed One," who should redeem Israel. Even before his time, as we turn back the pages of sacred history, we hear God Himself proclaiming the great historic Advent that was to be ended by the first Christmas Day. Yet for those who were most individually invited by God to prepare for His coming, there was no Christmas, after all their waiting, for "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." That Advent is yet unfinished—only it is no longer Advent, but the long-drawn days of a people's cheated hopes.

It was back in the Garden of Eden, just after Adam and Eve had thrown away a priceless heritage to grasp at forbidden fruit, that "they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in paradise at the afternoon air." The sin had just been committed, sanctifying grace and supernatural destiny had just been lost, God had just been defied. Yet, then and there, the Advent of the human race was begun, for "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." From that day on, down the long years of the patriarchs, across the rising and the falling waters of the deluge, amid the confusion of tongues at Babel, the day of liberation was awaited.

But the ways of men had corrupted, and the thought of an Advent tide began to be obscured. So God called Abraham from out of his country and made of his descendants the "chosen people" who were to proclaim to all mankind that they were carriers of the Divine revelation, that one day—and that not too far off—the Redeemer would come to free them from the bondage of sin.

Therein we have the story of the Old Testament—the story of a people's hope. Down in Egypt or lingering for forty years in the desert, living in the Promised Land from Dan to Bersabee or harassed in Babylonian captivity, the Jews never forgot that they were to number one day as their own the Messiah, Him that was to redeem the world. Patriarchs told their children and their children's children, as Jacob did, that in them "all the tribes of the earth shall be blessed"; prophets saw that day in vision, as did an Isaias, a Micheas, and a Daniel, who counted the very years; kings sang loud of it, as did David on his exulting harp. Yet the Jews are still without Christmas.

What happened to Israel is increasingly a danger even for those "awaiting the blessed hope," even for those who have learned that Christ is God and that the Church is His living, infallible mouthpiece. The call of the things of sense is blatant, from newspaper and billboard and splendidly planned window-display. Gift-giving and gift-receiving quite tax our every moment, and yet these may be present and there be no Christmas, and these may be absent and yet Christmas be most real. It is so easy these days to have Advent but no Christmas.

To have a real Christmas, a real birthday of Christ,

there must echo not merely in our memories but in our actions that large refrain of Christmas-tide—*Venite, Adoremus!* "Come, let us adore." "For a Child is born to us and a Son is given to us." It is not enough that we grasp with the intellect that Christ was born on Christmas Day, but there must be the act of adoration in our wills and in our lives. "Two and two make four" is a truth that needs only mental assent, but "a Child is born to us" needs the consent of the will which means homage and service and the vitalizing presence of Christ in our lives.

This is the burden of the Church's liturgy from the First Sunday of Advent on. It is a crescendo of expectation that is not speculative, not sterile, but fruitful of increasing nearness to God. Read the Introits of the Masses. On the First Sunday of Advent there is a far-away hope: "To Thee, O Lord, have I lifted up my soul. In Thee, O my God, I put my trust; let me not be ashamed." That hope draws nearer, and the next Sunday's Mass opens with the words: "People of Sion, behold the Lord shall come to save the nations, and the Lord shall make the glory of His voice be heard in the joy of your heart." Then, as in mid-Lent with *Lactare*, so in mid-Advent the Church bids us on the Third Sunday: "Rejoice in the Lord always. . . . For the Lord is near. Be nothing solicitous; but in everything by prayer let your petitions be known to God." Across the Ember Days and on the Fourth Sunday the cry of increasing expectancy rings loud: "Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the just; let the earth be opened, and bud forth a Saviour," until, in the tense Mass of Christmas Eve, our Holy Mother the Church breaks forth exultingly: "Today you shall know that the Lord will come and save us, and in the morning you shall see His glory."

Then in the morning His glory is seen, indeed, in the triple Mass of the day. "The Lord said to me: Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee," and the eternal generation of the Second Person is remembered in the first Mass. This eternal generation is accomplished from eternity, beyond and without our aid. Then the page of the Missal is turned and the birth of Christ in time is told in the Introit of the second Mass: "Light shall shine upon us today, because the Lord is born for us, and He shall be called Wonderful, God, the Prince of peace, the Father of the world to come; and of His kingdom there shall be no end." That light, the light of the birth of Christ in time, has been upon the world these nineteen hundred years without the intervention of our help.

But the third Mass—the Mass of the birth of Christ in the hearts of men—brings down the feast into our own individual lives: "A Child is born to us, and a Son is given to us; and the government is on His shoulder; and His name shall be called the Angel of great counsel." That birth of Christ needs the cooperation of each individual. Each must make place in his heart for "the Angel of great counsel," that, as the coming of Christ at Bethlehem changed the course of human history, so by His coming into the hearts of all with His "great counsel," "the government" of each soul may be "on His shoulders," and Advent end with a real Christmas.

Sociology

The Sisters' Hospitals

EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

TOO many Catholics, even those who are well informed and who take an interest in Catholic enterprises, are surprisingly unaware of the immense growth of our Catholic hospitals both in magnitude and in the efficiency of their service. During the past generation nearly every city of importance in the country has seen one or several groups of Sisters come to found a hospital in its territory. Sometimes these little bands have come without funds or supporters and have courageously built up a flourishing institution by their faithful industry. Beginning in a residence, with a few beds for the sick, they were able, surprisingly soon, to erect a modern structure, fully equipped for every phase of hospital work.

Again and again many of these institutions have been obliged to add to the number of their beds, so that one finds nearly every Sisters' hospital in one of three stages, just planning an addition, just building, or just finishing one, to add to its capacity. Meanwhile the growth of modern medicine and surgery, the improved methods of diagnosis and treatment, are demanding larger and larger hospitals, more and more equipment, and greater space for patients and for personnel.

The attitude of the public towards hospitals in general has also greatly changed. Where formerly they were looked on as rather sinister institutions, to which one went almost *in articulo mortis*, they are now known as the most dependable refuges even in slighter illnesses, as places where one goes also to forestall and escape sickness, or to be put in better shape for the strenuous demands of present-day existence. Thus throngs of people go to hospitals nowadays who formerly, in the same circumstances, would have remained at home. Every ten years a number equivalent to the whole population of the country come as patients to hospitals, and it is estimated that one out of every ten of these patients would die but for the aid which the hospital is able to render. A very great number of these patients, of all creeds and races, throng to the Sisters' hospitals, which thus do a public service in the saving of life and restoration of health which is inestimable.

Some authentic and valuable statistics have recently been gathered from our Sisters' hospitals by the editors of "The Official Catholic Year Book," issued under the auspices of a committee of the Hierarchy. These statistics are a striking revelation both of the growth and relative excellence of the Sisters' group of hospitals. 612 hospitals answered the questionnaire, out of 652 to whom it was sent. This group includes practically all the important Sisters' hospitals in the country. In number this is about one-tenth of the hospitals existing in the United States, the Register for 1927 of the American Hospital Association giving 6,807 as the total number. These Sisters' hospitals had in all 82,460 beds, while in 1927 the total of hospital beds in the country was 853,318, but this included Government, and other public hospitals. If only

the privately owned hospitals were counted in, the Sisters would be found to have about sixty per cent of all the beds therein.

Inquiry was also made as to the relative standing of the Sisters' hospitals as compared with hospitals in general. The American Medical Association approves unconditionally those hospitals which it considers up to its standards. In general only 21.2 per cent of the hospitals in the country are so approved, while of the Sisters' hospitals 52.9 per cent are approved unconditionally.

Another means of comparison is the approval of the same association for general internship, which is equivalent to the judgment that these hospitals are suitable places for that final training given medical students as interne physicians. Only 8.3 per cent of all hospitals are thus approved, but 24 per cent, or nearly three times as many proportionately of the Sisters' hospitals are thus approved. These figures show how the Sisters' hospitals stand out by comparison with the general run in their efficiency and their rating.

Hospitals are very mysterious places to the general public, but there is one of their activities which is particularly unknown in its extraordinary growth and development, to wit, the school of nursing. Some decades ago there were few of these schools, and they were in but an elementary stage. Most of the students' training consisted of manual labor or of actual attendance on the sick. Now, however, the nursing schools have risen to the dignity of true educational institutions. Forty of our American universities have schools of this kind affiliated with them, and the three years of nursing education are equivalent to, and accepted for, two years of a college course leading to a degree.

To house these schools, magnificently equipped buildings have been erected by many hospitals, some with rooms to accommodate four or five hundred students and representing an investment of a million dollars or more. Here, too, the statistics gathered show what a prominent and important place the Sisters' hospitals hold in nursing education. The 612 hospitals reporting have among them 425 schools of nursing. There were in the entire country in 1927 some 2,286 nursing schools. Those of the Sisters are often relatively very large and count almost one-fourth of all the students. This is shown by the fact that their 425 schools report 19,031 students, of whom by the way 869 are Sisters who are preparing to receive the title of registered nurse. The entire number of nurses in the schools of this country in 1926, the latest figures we have found, was 76,527. Moreover, all but fifty-five of the Sisters' schools of nursing have received the official approval of the State in which they are situated.

The number of graduates who have already gone forth from these schools is very great. It would not be rash to estimate that at the present time they are about seventy thousand, and are increasing at the rate of some six thousand a year. Unfortunately up to the present time they have not been banded together in a national way, but the International Catholic Guild of Nurses, of which an account was given in AMERICA last June, has as its purpose to form a representative and well-organized body of these

graduates, a federation of the Alumnae Associations of the Sisters' nursing schools, and at the same time a society offering individual membership to those nurses who are not graduates of Sisters' schools but who are in sympathy with the ideals of the Guild and who wish to cooperate with its activities and share its privileges.

The service which the Sisters' hospitals render is given to all classes and every condition of society. To the doors of their hospitals flows a constant stream of men, women and children, of young and of old, some suddenly stricken with disease that needs an instant operation for the very saving of life, others who are sufferers from chronic maladies which must be treated with patient skill and care. Some are sent by their physicians for the diagnosis of baffling ailments, others come for treatments which can be given effectively only with the aid of the highly developed equipment and service which hospitals afford.

As medicine and surgery develop, this stream is constantly swelling, it makes ever larger demands on the capacity of the hospitals, on the skill of the workers, the perfection and variety of the apparatus, the number of the personnel. Hospitals are becoming, more and more, social centers, with an educational and inspirational duty to the public as well as their task of nursing the sick. In the midst of the stir and stress of hospital work move the Catholic Sisters, quiet, devoted, making ever larger and larger efforts to secure better training for their work. How great is their service and how large the debt the public owes them only the thoughtful and the discerning can conjecture.

Education

Attention, Headmasters

KENNETH R. MARLEY

IF there were nothing more to be said for American college and secondary education than what one finds in the discussions conducted almost monthly by one or other magazine of the worthier type, then we might well give up hope. Nor do the authoritative opinions of numbers of representative educators afford much solace. Students, too, who have been industrious enough to secure stenographic reports of professors' lectures, or who otherwise sketch their commentary on the main business of institutions of learning, have little comfort to offer those who would be satisfied with existing conditions.

After all, it is hard to be satisfied with shiftlessness, disorder, and chaos. All of these elements enter into the present state of things. Fortunately the dissatisfaction felt by educators themselves gives cause for genuine rejoicing and confidence. Efforts are now being made to bring about a thorough and final solution of the problem. These will increase in extent and intensity until something like equilibrium is restored. Some are inclined to be skeptical. So many schemes have been set afoot and have as speedily frustrated themselves that suspicion is naturally thrown on all the "plans," so-called. For a time it seemed to be a question of one being still-born every minute.

But there are worthwhile proposals which differ from the time-serving makeshifts in this; they recognize two basic defects in the present system to which all others can be traced back as to their cause. The first is that everybody must get all the education that can possibly be stuffed into him, regardless of the restrictions which nature puts in the way, in the shape of varying degrees of cutical elasticity and the repugnances felt by most of us at the sight of the hideous deformities of swollen masses. This defect takes for granted that education is a stuffing process, that everyone is capable of being systematically and indefinitely educated, that the determining measure is one of quantity in time and content. The second defect is the wanton waste of three or four years of youthful life by extending the training over sixteen years when twelve or thirteen would certainly suffice.

The Carnegie Foundation made a concise diagnosis of this last evil in its annual report for 1921, or thereabouts. There we find the following:

If the work of education were rightly done, no such time (sixteen years) ought to be required, and no nation can afford to turn its men into their professions so late in life as we are coming to do. Without question four years can be dropped out of this program with advantage to the cause of education and to the interest of the people and their children.

A clear conclusion reached after a careful study by experts.

Recently there have appeared in the *School Review*, a journal of secondary education, published by the University of Chicago, two extremely encouraging editorials which indicate a strong veering of the educational wind towards a prompt and practical readjustment. Criticizing a 6-4-4 plan to be tried in Pasadena the editorial in the September number says:

The 6-4-4 organization has one cardinal defect which has been characteristic of California's junior colleges from the first. It leaves the pupil at twenty years of age exactly where he was when the elementary school was an eight-grade unit. It is, of course, to be expected that the new plan will provide the pupil with more opportunities to take advanced courses. So far, however, as progress towards a college diploma or towards admission to professional school is concerned, the two units of four and four in the junior and senior high school and junior college throw away the saving in time which is clearly recognized as effected in the six-grade elementary unit. What the new units of four and four ought to accomplish, if they take full advantage of the achievements of shortened elementary curriculum, is to enable the pupil to complete senior college at twenty years of age. It has been suggested that the first high-school unit of the Pasadena plan drop the adjectives "junior" from its name, and take the place of the earlier high school. In like fashion the consolidated senior high school and junior college might adopt the title "college" and thus frankly undertake to conserve the two years which seem to be lost by the arrangement as now conceived.

If Pasadena does not do more than redistribute fourteen years between the first grade and the end of sophomore college, it will give a striking example of the inability of a generation to break away from petrified habits of administrative thinking. It would have been better for the future of higher education in this country if Pasadena had adopted the 6-3-3 plan and had attempted to put into six years of secondary education what is now undertaken in most cases where secondary education extends through the sophomore year of college and is completed six years after the end of elementary education.

Therefore plans are worth only what they accomplish.

The jingle of their title though it rattle like a toy in the ears of the gullible public means nothing. However, it is now generally conceded that there has been too much of this sort of rattling in the recent past.

The much misunderstood "junior high school" and "junior college" units are put in their proper perspective in the October number of this same review. These hyphenated hybrids would be really acceptable under this clearer and more detailed interpretation of their meaning and function.

The *Columbia Missourian* published the following editorial, entitled "A New Education Plan":

I. I. Cammack, superintendent emeritus of the Kansas City public schools, is suggesting a tentative change in the system there which would eliminate two of the fourteen years now necessary to complete an education including the first two years of college. . . . The change would eventually mean that there would be six years of elementary school work, three years of junior high school and three of combined high school and junior college.

Among the advantages said to be found in the plan, one is that it is more economical. The buildings and equipment used in the latter part of high school are practically the same as those used in junior colleges; thus a combination would save duplication of plants. Students, it is claimed, get in two years less time an equal amount of work with the resultant saving for the parents.

Another advantage, certainly, would be reflected in the improvement of universities and senior colleges, which might then devote funds and faculty to the development of the best in advanced training. . . . Certainly the University of Missouri would profit under such a plan. . . . Our present system has its flaws and any innovations which sound as practical as this does are worth consideration and possibly some experimentation.

Headmasters and directresses of our Catholic preparatory schools and academies should take heart at these constructive proposals and cooperate with them, as opportunity arises, to the fullest extent. It seems that Catholic schools have a special advantage in the matter of facilitating the coalescence of the different units. Frequently enough, the primary, junior high, senior high, and junior college courses are provided by a single institution. This is true of many of our academies. No doubt many more of these have equipment for senior college. The same holds true with the exception of primary grades for many of our schools for boys. Those schools which are ready and best prepared to make the change will reap the first fruits of a substantial and economical program of education.

Who will give the word for the change? Perhaps it will come of a sudden from standardizing agencies, or State boards, or private enterprise. At all events it will be a great step forward. Parents, most of all, should appreciate the saving in time and money which this readjustment would bring about.

Catholic private schools, likewise, would seem to be an ideal proving ground for a plan providing for a practical division of the better-gifted and the less-gifted students. Those who should not go to college or who do not intend to go to college could follow the regular six- or eight-grade primary course and complete with three or four years of high school in the parish institutions. Those who can profit by a full college course or who show aptitude for professional training should be speeded on surely towards their goal.

With Scrip and Staff

HARSH as it may sound, I believe that no one can fully know the joy of Christmas who has not, some time in his life, experienced it in great poverty or great loneliness. Certain wonders are reserved for those who know no earthly cheer, and for whom the Babe must be all in all, in a world that has nothing to offer them. Hence the memories of those Christmases of the War, when our Catholic boys, for the first time in their lives, experienced what Bethlehem really meant, as they knelt on the stone pavement of some village church in the Rhineland or the French countryside, or even on the plain boards of the barracks at home.

There is bit of a war story that comes to my mind when I think of what Christmas can mean for the outcast. A group of Russian soldiers had been taken captive by Austrian sentries, during the Russian invasion of Galicia at the outset of the War. On Christmas eve the Austrian sergeant, himself a Carpatho-Russian, belonging to the united Eastern Rite, set out with his charges on a long night march through the deep snow to headquarters. At midnight they came to a brief halt; and, as they stopped for breath, some noticed a little picture of the Madonna and Child nailed to a tree, under a tiny wooden roof, in the old Austrian style.

"Boys," said the sergeant, "it is Christmas. Though separated, we have one God, and know one Christ and one Holy Mother. Let's forget the war: forget you are prisoners and I am your guard, and do the little we can to be mindful of the holy night."

The soldiers knelt in a semi-circle around the tree in the snow, while the sergeant and his companion stuck their rifles out of their own reach in the middle of the group. Fumbling in their knapsacks, the men brought out what they had of old candle-ends and lighted them, and there, in the darkness of the forest, sang the old Russian Christmas hymn: "The eternal God is born for us."

There are a thousand parallels to this incident: but once in a lifetime, at least, one must have experienced such, to know the full meaning of Christmas.

THE little story, too, with the depth of feeling that it reveals, shows why the Soviets, in their war on religion, choose Christmas as the season when they stage their most elaborate onslaughts on the religious sentiment of the Russian peasant and workman. For it is then that the presence of that Divine Person is most felt, whose memory they wish to abolish.

Still more understandingly, they grasp the fact that, since He came on earth as a member of a Family, to establish and sanctify the family, the family must be the point of attack. Wage war, therefore, on Christmas, is their philosophy, and wage war on the family: the day and the social institution most closely identified with Christ. As has recently been pointed out, the ease with which their educational program may be made to work in favor of a social theory, and against the unity of family life, may give us food for thought at home.

ON the other hand, the Federal Council of Churches, meeting at Rochester, N. Y., on December 7, made a pronouncement in behalf of the Christian family which fits well into the Advent season. After a study of the "Ideals of Love and Marriage," the committee on marriage and home, in its report, warned against the dangers of "companionate marriage," and continued:

Companionate marriage gives a wrong start to marriage by the ideals which it holds before the young. Instead of the lifelong companionship which proposed to overcome all difficulties and welcomes children, it starts with self-regarding motives and raises the doubt as to the future. This is psychologically unfortunate and puts marriage on a distinctly low level.

For this reason the committee find themselves strongly opposed to the proposal of companionate marriage. They believe its effect would be anti-social. . . . Marriage should set out to be permanent. Companionate is a noble word, but all that it denotes of comradeship exists between every man and woman who are well mated.

The word is so rich in meaning that it should not be degraded by being fastened to any form of trial marriage, but increasingly associated with permanent and successful marriage.

The Council made also a strong appeal for the right kind of plays and public recreation.

AFTER such serious considerations, it is pleasant to take time for reflection on the Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Brook, and the lion. When the cross-word puzzles have been unraveled, and the last handful of nutshells have been thrown into the embers, the junior element may sharpen their wits by finding an agreement between these two stories, both of which tell what the Duke told of his African hunting trip as he stopped recently in Cape Town on his way back to the King's bedside.

The stories were published on the same date by two of our leading dailies:

The Duke gave an account of how he bagged a black-maned lion. The party struck a comparatively strong patch of long grass which surrounded a bare ant hill in the veldt. The Duke's equerry, Mr. Brook, suddenly exclaimed: "A big black lion has gone into the grass."

The Duke chaffed his equerry about seeing things and suggested that he should "shoo" this big black lion for him. This the equerry proceeded to do, jokingly clapping his hands and chanting "shoo, little lion!" At first nothing happened, but on the second incantation a huge black lion rose up in front of him.

Brook's comment on this episode was "thank goodness, his royal highness shot him all right."

With his anxiety for his father lifted, the Duke bubbled over with stories of his hunting trip in Central Africa.

Once, he said, he was sure a lion was crouching in a patch of brushwood behind a big anthep. Mr. Brook, the Duke's companion, who is said to be experienced in big-game hunting, insisted that it was not a lion, but a hippopotamus.

"I will shoo the hippo out," said the Duke, and cautiously advanced around the anthep only to find himself face to face with a big black man-eating lion. The royal hunter threw his hat in the lion's face, whereupon the timid beast fled and was shot by Mr. Brook.

Only the lion knows whether it was the bubbling Duke or the grateful equerry that spoiled his own little holiday. Perhaps he was a hippo after all.

THE PILGRIM.

THE NESTING OF GOD

Into our world came God,
 The great God,
 Flame-faced, fire-breathed, wind-treading, star-strewing,
 Master and Maker of Heaven, Moulder and Master of earth,
 The One God;
 Highest, down from heights unutterable
 Swift He descended, swifter than lightning, than light.
 Silent He came. Not a star was stirred in its course.
 Not a cloud was moved by the whirr of His passing.
 Down He kept coming, lower and lower while angels wondered:
 Down He kept darting, deeper and deeper while all Hell trembled:
 Down He kept swooping, surer and surer while all the world
 Stupidly stared elsewhere, busy with baubles,
 With kings now long dead, with treasures long dust,
 With hearts long stilled, long ago;
 But He the One, the True, the Strong, the fleet fair Light,
 Like an eagle elected the peak of His landing,
 Like a dove drooped down to the nook of His nesting,
 The breast of the Maid.
 And, hush! she is keeping a secret nine sweet moons,
 And lo! like a daughter of Eve she is nursing a Babe,
 And hark! she is singing a song to bring sweet sleep
 To the eyes that look into her own,
 To the eyes of her Child,
 To the eyes of her God,
 And He sleeps.

MARK J. McNEAL, S.J.

CHRIST CAROL

Came tonight to Bethlehem
 Joseph, Mary, and with them
 To be born
 In the morn
 The Christ, the Saviour of Men.

 Shelter for the Maid tonight
 Joseph begged at the tavern bright;
 It denied
 Room inside
 To hold the Infinite.

 By the starlight they were shown
 To a bleak hillside, wind blown;
 In an old
 Stable cold
 Our King came to His own.

 Gently, winds from the frozen hill,
 Gently blow, lest your cold breath chill
 This glad morn
 Christ new born
 Unto His Father's Will.

 Soft, oxen above His head.
 Breathe upon His manger bed;
 Yours to warm
 The tiny form
 Of Majesty and Dread.

 Hide, stars of the winter night,
 Hide, O, lest your fires bright
 Hurt His eyes
 Where He lies
 Who is Eternal Light.

 Sing, angels, a lullaby!
 Sweetly, lest He wake and cry;
 A heavenly hymn
 Ye Seraphim
 For the Lord of sea and sky!

R. F. GRADY.

HYMN FOR ALL POOR MOTHERS

The noel-rose is glowing,
 The white winds are ablowing,
 The chilly heath all shiny there; the chilly stars come out;
 And Nance and Polly, Jane and Sue
 Who bore your little children here
 Come shuddering in all round about
 He is so dear, so dear.

The old ox warms Him with his straw;
 The herdsmen sing for what they saw;
 The mother cloaked Him in her hair
 As bright as dew,
 Till down the shiny line of stars
 The angels spilled their perfume jars
 And let their songs come too:

"Hosannah in the highest is
 And Heaven all the highest is
 To men whose hearts are true!
 Then praise upon the glory
 And light upon the hoary
 The frosty meadows, everywhere all gleamy like the morn.
 The little lambs are bleating there
 The baby is so fair, so fair,
 And Mother Mary lets her hair
 Fall over Him for you."

O Nance and Polly, Jane and Sue
 O all ye weary, weak and worn
 So simply still the Child is born
 So feebly there for you.
 Fall over Him your streamy hair
 Slip teary over Him with her
 For all ye knew she also knew
 And all you wept, she wept for too
 And layed her little baby there
 And smiled on Him—for you.

JOHN LOUIS BONN.

A CHRISTMAS LULLABY

Silently, with reverence,
 The wise men kneel among the sheep,
 Brothers of shepherds through the night
 Of wonder, and they watch Thee sleep.

The Magi kneel as silently
 As graven statues in a dream.
 The Virgin's fair hands mutely stitch
 A tiny robe without a seam.

The very beasts are quiet tonight.
 Only the humble ox and ass
 Can see the angels tiptoe down
 To kneel, and smile, and pass.

Seraphs, do not come too near;
 Cherubs, breathe not on His brow.
 Sleep, little Jesus; only she,
 Thy lovely Mother may touch Thee now.

Silently, with reverence,
 The light of tapers wraps Thee round.
 Time kneels with kings and beasts; the minutes
 Creep before Thee with no sound.

Thy creature light, Thy creature time,
 And air, Thy servant, wait on Thee.
 O little Lord of All, sleep well,
 And in Thy dreams bless them and me.

WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH.

BALLAD OF THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS WIND

I am a happy Christmas wind;
I am courteous, I am kind.

I walked the way to Bethlehem town
Beside our Lady going down.

I know the inn she stood before;
I would have beaten down the door;—

I thought on Mary and the Child;
I blew gently, I grew mild.

I ran ahead to find a house
To shelter Mary and her spouse.

I found a stable, loosed a door,—
The cave they had been seeking for.

Because they had a place to bide
I was so glad, alone outside,

I ran across the hills for joy!
I waked a little shepherd boy,

And all the other shepherds stirred
At what they felt and what they heard

Of angel music, heavenly things!
I caught a song and gave it wings;

I ran across the midnight blue;
I ran across the ages, too;
I have it, have it here for you.

"A Child is born for you again;
A Son is given, is given to men!"
I am a singing wind. Amen.

SISTER M. MADEIRA.

MARY'S LULLABY

Hush, little baby Boy—hear the wind sing to Thee,
Hear through the thatch its sweet lullaby song;
Warm on my breast its music shall bring to Thee
Slumber and dreams, la-long, ou-la-long,
Hush, little baby Boy,—hush,—oh—hush.

Rest, my own lovely One, white angels dream on Thee,
White hearts will guard Thee from all hurt or wrong,
White are the hills, white stars will beam on Thee,
White sheep are watching, la-long, ou-la-long,
Rest, little baby Boy,—rest,—oh—rest.

Sleep, thou tiny One,—here there is room for Thee,
Here, in the night, where the wan shadows throng;
Only a lantern to lighten the gloom for Thee,
And a lullaby song, la-long, ou-la-long,
Sleep, little baby Boy,—sleep,—oh—sleep.

JOSEPH L. MURRAY.

CHRISTMAS GIFT

The Shepherd counted his sheep
And the gray dogs circling them,
But his eyes were heavy with sleep
And his heart in Bethlehem.

A slow smile burned on his face.
Gifts of gold to a lad?
What gold could ever displace
That puppy the young Lord had!

C. T. LANHAM.

AN OLD SHEPHERD SPEAKS

'Twas cold, my lad, and such a night as this—
You say the flocks are in? 'Tis well—Yes, such
A night! The moon was over yonder hill
Much as it hangs there now, austere and pale.
The sheep lay quiet. All was peace; so, soon
We slumbered at our watch. Perhaps we slept
An hour or more, when, soft at first, there came
A wind that played about us in our dreams
And sounded as the gentle bleating of
A new-born lamb. We woke. There was a strange
Suggestion of new life. The air, the hills
Seemed wakened to a spiritual spring,
Or laden with some tale whose secret made
Them restless. I, an eager youth, stood up
And glancing toward the north—Here, Watcher, down!
Be still, old fellow. Ho! You should have seen
The dogs that night! They whimpered at our sides
In fear—Well, glancing toward the north, I saw,
Like the exodic cloud of fire, a mass
Of light that grew and scurried with the wind.
The dogs clung closer. Rays began to burst
From the assembled mass, while shapes appeared,
And all began to move upon us as a star
Falling. The music of the winds increased
And grew to jubilation like the blares
Of sacred trumpets at Jerusalem!
I fell in terror at the awful sight,
And fright benumbed my senses. But Remmon
And Abisai, who were more brave from years,
They knelt and heard the voices of those men
Of light whom we call Angels. One there was,
A spokesman, tall and fairer than the rest,
Who told in gentle speech of Christ the Lord
At David's city. Thundered then the throng,
As burst the horns at Jericho, in praise
To God, redeemer of His prophecies.
The night returned, but glory hovered as
The incense when a sacrifice is burnt.
With gladdened hearts, we gathered from the hills
And ran to see this miracle—But soft!
I hear the pilgrims' song. You say the flocks
Are in? Then let's to David's town! And join
Our praises to the swelling band to bless
The King who summoned shepherds to His birth!

J. HUNTER GUTHRIE.

NOBIS NATUS

Sing high, sing low on the frosty air;
The casements glow and the candles flare
Across the snow;
Sing heigh, merry ho!
For the Lord is born of a Virgin.

Good cheer to all! Let wicks burn high
In festive hall and music fly.
Let laughter fall
On hollied wall,
For He sleeps on the breast of a Virgin.

Cathedral spires hail the feast
O, merrily. . . O, merrily . . .
Aged friars watch the priest
Expectantly . . . expectantly . . .
And now the choir's swells have ceased,
And quietly . . . most quietly . . .
The Infant springs
From whisperings,
As He sprang from the womb of the Virgin.

RAYMOND R. COSGROVE.

REVIEWS

God Infinite and Reason. By WILLIAM J. BROSNAN, S.J. New York: The America Press. \$2.00.

To students of natural theology the veteran teacher and author of this book is already well known by the first part of his three-part work on the data of reason concerning God. "God and Reason" was at once heralded as a real contribution to the literature on this important and difficult subject-matter. The present volume, which constitutes the second part of the projected work, deals with the manifold attributes of God: His simplicity, immensity, eternity; His knowledge, His will, His power, etc. The introductory essay alone shows the author as adequately conversant with current bibliography and as equally competent to analyze, criticize and properly evaluate it. The same may be said of the section under each thesis devoted to the attitude of present-day philosophers on the question therein under treatment. These sections alone make the book almost a necessity in the classroom both in our Catholic colleges and seminaries. Again, clarity and precision of thought, so lacking these days and so enhanced by the scholastic method, is an asset that makes for ease of understanding in a subject that requires close thinking and clean-cut distinctions. The scholastic method is foreign to the modern mind, but its very aloofness proves that this same modern mind is badly in need of heavy doses thereof. To define, and sub-define; to state the point under discussion accurately and inclusively, yet succinctly; to prove clinchingly; to round out the subject-matter with corollaries and scholia; finally to read from the thesis itself the solution of the more noteworthy difficulties—these make "God Infinite and Reason" a book that should find its place into every classroom and into every library.

B. M.

The Dawn of Catholicism in Australia. Two Vols. By ERIC M. O'BRIEN. Sydney: Angus and Robertson. £2.2s.

The pilgrims to the Eucharistic Congress, held last September at Sydney, Australia, have returned bringing with them glowing accounts of the great success of the gathering and of the hospitality of Catholic Australasia. With them also come copies of the historical work prepared by the Rev. Dr. Eric M. O'Brien as a background for the local arrangements for the Congress. This describes the dawn of the Faith in the Antipodes. The progress of the Church since 1803 is a modern apostolic miracle. How it all followed the strange beginning made there by three Irish priests, political exiles after the troubles of '98, and the romantic experiences of an erratic Cistercian monk, Jeremiah F. O'Flynn, immediately following them, is told in a most entertaining manner and with all the authoritative detail of critical historical research. Father O'Flynn's zeal led him to go, in 1817, to minister to the neglected Catholics, bond and free, of the Botany Bay penal colony, as this land was then styled. An inimical governor did not allow Father O'Flynn to continue his missionary work and deported him to England. It is of special interest now, when the centenary of Catholic Emancipation is to be commemorated, to note that this indignity to Father O'Flynn was the occasion of official action by the British Government recognizing the Church in Australia nine years before the formal passing of the Emancipation Act. From this small beginning the Church there has developed to a complete organization with a hierarchy of 30 prelates; 1,500 priests; 8,900 Religious and 1,250,000 laity. One of these "convict" priests was the elder Harold, whose later visit to Philadelphia is an incident of its turbulent early local ecclesiastical history. Father O'Flynn also wandered over to Philadelphia after having tried to locate in New Haven or New York. He was mixed up in the Hogan schism. Then Bishop Conwell accepted him for Philadelphia. He had saved some money during his wanderings. With this he bought a farm at Silver Lake, Susquehanna County, and built there the first Catholic church in that section and in which the first Mass was celebrated on October 2, 1828. He continued to serve this congregation until February 8, 1831, when he died of an illness contracted while attending a sick call. "A century,"

says Dr. O'Brien, "had wrapped his personality, not in the cobwebs of oblivion, but in the gaudy raiment which the real man could never have worn." The major part of his two volumes is devoted to this contention.

T. F. M.

The Life of Jesus Christ. By the REV. PERE DIDON, O.P. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. \$3.75.

In the many years since the eloquent and scholarly Dominican biographer of the Saviour first published the French edition of his classical work in two volumes, it has been translated into many languages and in its English garb gone through at least five editions. The present edition, the sixth, is an abridgement into one volume, reducing the original by more than half its bulk and contents. Its publication at this time is especially opportune as an antidote to the blasphemous caricature of Christ lately popularized by Emil Ludwig. The particular merit of Père Didon's biography was that he framed the life of Jesus in its pictorial and geographical surroundings and in His social and Jewish life, and though superseded in the light of later researches and discoveries by the stories of the Sulpician Fillion and Père Grandmaison, S.J., its sober simplicity and graphicness of detail combine to keep it one of the standard biographies along with Fouard and Le Camus of the God-Man. Though very naturally much has been omitted in the present abridgment, the story reads adequately. The fuller descriptions of the sacred places in the original for which the author's familiarity with the Holy Land so fitted him, are either curtailed or omitted; so, too, much of its technical erudition: but there is enough of this coloring retained to make the narrative interesting and distinctive. The volume is not concerned merely with the externals of Christ's life but interprets it for us and indicates the principles and motives that actuated His conduct, making, in addition, occasional brief but pointed reflections for the spiritual instruction and edification of the reader. Père Didon in one place speaks of the Saviour as "the pyramid erected in the midst of the moving sands of the desert of man's pilgrimage." The monument has grown with the ages, and it is just such volumes as the famous Dominican's that have helped make the Christ stand out to the world as "the way, the truth and the life."

W. I. L.

Cotton Mather, Keeper of the Puritan Conscience. By RALPH AND LOUIS BOAS. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

The jacket blurb of the latest Matherology points out that, "this biography is of the modern type, vigorous, colorful, analytical, written from the psychologist's point of view, with the novelist's ability to dramatize facts and produce an absorbing story." In the foregoing extract are to be found both the virtues and shortcomings of the book to which it refers. The psychologist's (at least the modern "psychologist's") point of view is not always the surest ground from which to approach a subject which demands an accurate and scientific treatment. The story, it is true, is absorbing; the treatment, especially when it deals with the Salem and other witchcraft trials, is dramatic; but the question remains "are these the qualities which one looks for first in the posthumous record of one man's life?" To the present reader it seemed that the authors had not quite attained an impartial and sympathetic grasp of their man. He emerges at the end as a rather futile figure. The effort seems to have been there, but neither of the authors has succeeded in quite prescinding from the present in the correct proportion and of judging the youngest of the important Mathers in the light of his own times to which alone he belongs. Nor is Cotton's picture complete. Rather his surroundings have apparently received more attention than himself. The reader closes the book with an impression that it contains more data (interesting data, indeed) on the life and culture, the moods and the growth of seventeenth century Boston. Here lies the real importance of the book. Cotton Mather remains in the background, sometimes as a light sometimes as a dark, but always as a "nebulous" angel.

P. M. JR.

The Achievement of the Middle Ages. By W. E. BROWN. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. \$2.00.

Here is a short but interesting and informative little volume dealing with one of the most remarkable periods in the world's story. It is no detailed history of the Middle Ages, but while it necessarily includes a broad survey of contemporary facts, is mainly concerned with pointing out the development that took place during the four centuries from 1100 to 1500, and indicating the principles on which it was based and the manner in which it was affected. It is the author's thesis that during that period social conditions showed a substantial improvement, albeit limited, along three very definite lines. In the first place the anarchy that characterized the centuries immediately preceding, and which was especially attributable to the migration of the barbarous hordes from the north and east of Europe, yielded to a reign of law in the relations of man and man. Secondly, these generations developed their towns along industrial and commercial lines in a way which is unique in history and which was intimately related to the contemporary improvements of ordered liberty. Finally, the Middle Ages achieved a remarkably high degree of culture which, far from showing signs of decay, at the beginning of the sixteenth century gave promise of a fuller flowering. While in no sense apologetic, the volume is a convincing justification of much that is often unfairly criticized in the conduct of the Catholic Church, and a convincing demonstration of the all-important part she has played in the growth of culture and civilization. The little volume is well worth reading by clerics and lay folk alike, especially in conjunction with the fuller discussion of the social theories of the Middle Ages published two years ago by Dom Bede Jarrett.

W. I. L.

Voltaire: Genius of Mockery. By VICTOR THADDEUS. New York: Brentano's. \$5.00.

When Mr. Thaddeus in his "Voltaire" begins to recall the complicated period of Louis XIV and his stupid successor, one believes himself to be in for a good book. One moves once more in the fever and fret of war, of darkness, caste and slavery, bribery and lust, a time when the theory of Divine Right trampled a people. Though Voltaire tried to some extent to change the order, he was not allowed to hear the tumult and the shouting die, to see the Captains and the Kings depart. "Voltaire," says Goethe, "was the end of the old world, Rousseau the beginning of the new." And because the threshold of liberty is most interesting historically, Voltaire must be known by one who would be cognizant of the subliminal rush of people's rights to the point where, to some extent at least, superstition dies and democracy is born. So Voltaire deserves a better fate than that which he has received at the hands of Mr. Thaddeus. The author has drawn an ill picture that leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth. For the Voltaire he gives us is little more than a strumpet's lover. It is true he was no saint; but that hardly is justification for undue emphasis of the sinner. There is nothing of the glamor in the book that was in the man. Here and there only a passing phrase of his brilliant wit, here and there his sardonic laughter, but it passes and is gone. Mr. Thaddeus does not draw with bold, sure strokes, and it seems that one knew more of Voltaire before reading this book. Modernism begets carelessness, it seems, when dealing with the dead.

F. D.

Carolina Folk Plays: Third Series. Edited by FREDERICK KOCH. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

Yankee Fantasies. By PERCY MACKAYE. New York: Samuel French. \$1.50.

By some strange literary synecdoche Boston has always been the only spot in New England where the scene of a novel might, with propriety, be set. Similarly Richmond for the whole of "Dixie." Of late, however, other names have dared to act as representatives in the pages of the many volumes which have appeared concerning those two districts. North Carolina, and for

that matter the whole South, contends Paul Green in the preface to the third edition of the now-standard Carolina Folk Plays, "has made no lasting contribution to the art of the world" for three hundred years. "Several millions of people have lived and died here and no one has set himself aside in high-minded and intelligent devotion to record a single one of their lives." In the last eight years many willing workers have arisen to record the songs and ballads, the dramas, real and imaginative of a race which still reflects the early Anglo-Saxon. These workers have built a play-house for those who would come to Chapel Hill, and have carried the theater to the more remote recesses. Part of their repertoire, much of their spirit, all of their great ideal, is embodied in the new volume. Tragedy and comedy, farce and folk-story have their place, the outstanding drama being the preface's own "Quare Medicine," one of the two comedies America's new dramatist has ever written. Much the same situation exists in New England, where few besides Wilbur Daniel Steele, Joseph C. Lincoln and James B. Connolly have been interested in the more out of the ways districts and citizens. Percy Mackaye, leader of the one-act play movement in this country, has found some of them, and has drawn them as "Chuck," the pagan. "Link," the veteran who models Gettysburg from dust and shavings, John Hale and Julie Bonheur, "Canucks" who find romance in a parade of "anticks" and "horribles," and "Nico," the dreamer who lives the "Odyssey" in his boat-shed. The volume, a reprint of a 1911 attempt to establish the new literary form here, while experiments were being made simultaneously, but independently, in Ireland, is a fine companion volume to the author's "Kentucky Mountain Fantasies." All the charm and vigor of the race is revealed with Mackaye's usual earnest energy. The two volumes definitely show that the mine of American folk-lore is still rich and unexhausted.

J. E. T.

Ethics. By FRANK CHAPMAN SHARP. New York: The Century Company. \$3.50.

Natural Conduct. By EDWIN BINGHAM COPELAND. California: Stanford University Press. \$3.50.

Though discussing a common topic these two volumes are considerably divergent. Professor Sharp (Wisconsin) is interested in his subject as a philosopher; Dean Copeland, formerly of Stanford, as an application of biological science. The former tells us: "That act is outwardly right which produces the greatest amount of pleasure attainable under the circumstances under consideration; or which, if a net sum of displeasure is unavoidable, produces the minimum possible amount. The aim to produce such a state of things is inwardly right, or right in the proper and moral sense of the term." For the author of "Natural Conduct," "all conduct favorable to the survival of the race is right, good and wise; all conduct prejudicial to the prospect of survival is bad, foolish, wrong or sinful." Obviously such hedonistic and evolutionary principles have nothing in common with the ethical notions propounded by Catholic scholastics. Dean Copeland builds his ethics on the "basic" principle that "under any possible set of conditions, the best conduct will be that which tends most effectively towards the permanence of life." Where one starts with an inadequate concept of man, ignores his ultimate *raison d'être*, prescind from the problem of his relations to his Creator, and over-emphasizes his social obligations, very naturally the outcome will be rash and untenable deductions, even as any wild mathematical conclusion may follow from accepting that two and two make five. We are not surprised then to find that neither piety nor religion are stressed as moral duties, or to read in Dean Copeland that the "thinking" of the beast differs merely in degree, not in kind, from that of man; that the "fear" complex explains primitive religion; that "conduct which makes another unhappy is bad"; that "the school supported and controlled by the State is still the only place where education of this kind [for social life and in the interest of society] can be trusted to be given," etc. Is it any wonder Catholics question the solidity of the moral training offered outside their own schools?

F. H. H.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Problems in Religion.—The idea which Pierre Bovet develops in "The Child's Religion" (Dutton. \$2.00), translated by George Green, is neither novel nor original. A subtitle characterizes it as a study of the development of the religious sentiment. Following the "proved" theory of M. Jean Piaget that all children explain nature and the world by means of animistic or artificialistic theories, M. Bovet would apply the same to religion. In brief, he maintains that the religious sentiment is the filial sentiment. The first object of this sentiment is, for the child, his parents. But the experiences of life compel the child to change if not his religion at least his god, and to transfer to a remote Being the wonderful attributes with which he endowed his parents. Records and clinical cases of "natural religious experiences" are included to give weight to Professor Bovet's theory. For practical purposes he would not have the educator "seek to impose [on children] his own beliefs or to present as obligatory the doctrines or opinions which satisfy him," a position hardly rational if there be such a thing as objective truth. Catholics cannot subscribe to many sentiments expressed in the volume.

Several years ago as part of the Anglican contribution to the literature of the reunion movement, the Rev. Frank M. Clendenen published "The Comfort of the Catholic Faith" (Longmans, Green. \$2.00). A third edition has recently been published. While there is little in it that will offend Protestant readers, Catholics will at once recognize that it is based on the so-called branch theory which lacks both historical and dogmatic value, and the further false implication that the Church of Christ though Divinely constituted has somehow failed. In view of the prevailing dogmatic discord in the Anglican and Episcopalian communions, the claim is hardly justified that, "with the exception, perhaps, of a part of one chapter the historic faith as expressed in this book is now accepted by 'the Holy Church throughout all the world'". An anonymous "Roman Catholic friend" has ventured, among others, to endorse the volume, though well-instructed Catholics will be rather intrigued as to how approbation could be given a book which, among other faults, concedes that in a spirit of sacrifice a reconvened Vatican Council might modify the dogma of Papal Infallibility!

The signs are plentiful that the non-Catholic laity are more and more challenging their churchmen to give them a religion that will satisfy the cravings of their hearts for God, and that will fit in with the life they live and the problems they face. One such challenge is that of Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy which he entitles "The Impatience of a Layman" (Century. \$2.00). Disheartened with what he considers the pessimism of religion, he offers an interpretation of his own of Christianity which, though well written and altogether optimistic in tone, is neither convincing nor, when analyzed in the light of Scripture, fundamentally sound. One suspects that this impatient layman would find peace of heart in turning not to an interpretation of his own of what Christ's religion is, but to the authoritative teaching of the Roman Church which has preserved that teaching intact for the light, strength, and consolation of so many millions of her children.

Christmas Pamphlets.—Very appropriate for this holy season are the two issues of the *Catholic Mind* for December 8 and 22, price five cents each. The first, entitled "At Bethlehem's Crib," contains a concise summary of the proofs for the Divinity of Christ, a running commentary on the Gospel story of the Nativity and a simple, touching Christmas sermon. The second, entitled "Peace on Earth," contains a Christmas sermon by the Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco, and a discourse, entitled "What is Peace?" by C. C. Martindale, S.J. The issue of December 22 carries on the last page an index of the current volume which closes herewith. "Christmas Thoughts," by William I. Lonergan, S.J. (price ten cents) is a reprint of dogmatic articles from the pages of AMERICA. "Shock Troopers of Christ," by Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., (price ten cents) is written in the spirit of St. Ignatius' "Kingdom of Christ." "The Christ Child," a favorite pamphlet from the pen of Joseph Husslein, S.J., (price ten cents) has been reprinted for the third time.

From Greece to China.—For the use of students and general readers, the first volume of "Mythology of All Ages" has been issued in an inexpensive and popular edition under the title "Greek and Roman Mythology" (Marshall, Jones. \$3.50). The purpose of the author, William Sherwood Fox, is to present the myths of Greece and Rome chiefly as vehicles of religious thought, their artistic worth and influence being regarded as of secondary interest. The system of interpretation followed is the comparative method. So far as the author indicates his own theological views, he would seem to subscribe to animism as the explanation of man's religious attitude. In treating the Greek myths those are first presented which were thought to account to the people of Hellas for the beginnings of the world, man and civilization, for the nation's heroes, and for the after-world. After this the Greek divinities, greater and lesser, are explained in detail and, usually, not uninterestingly. The mythology of ancient Italy quite naturally gets briefer treatment. Illustrations are plentiful, many of them novel and unfamiliar.

Affairs in China have moved so rapidly within the last few years that volumes about the country which have interest or significance one day are almost obsolete the next. In great part this holds true for "Within the Walls of Nanking" (Macmillan. \$2.25) by Alice Tisdale Hobart, which deals with the troubled months of 1926 and early 1927 as she participated in them, and especially as they affected foreigners in China. It is anything but a brief for the Nationalists whose party the author finds under strong Soviet influence. A fifty-page foreword by Florence Ayscough describes the social structure and ideals of the Chinese, their educational, agricultural, industrial, and mercantile perspective. This is written sympathetically, so far as the Chinese themselves are concerned, and is more informative and of more permanent value than the main theme.

Aspects of Doctrine.—With the scholarship that characterizes his other writings the Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P., has written "The New Testament Witness to St. Peter" (Benziger. \$1.75). It essays to gather together what New Testament writers tell us of St. Peter. The Petrine problem is presented in a clear, logical, and highly convincing way. The author contends that while Mark emphasizes that Christ gave Peter some sort of a privilege, Matthew makes it evident that this privilege was the Primacy, and Luke, writing as it were for such of his fellow Christians as might question the limits of the Petrine power, shows that it extends even to his fellow Apostles. All three judgments are synthesized in the writings of the fourth evangelist. While it is usually accepted that the purpose of St. John's Gospel is to bring out the Divinity of Christ, this message, Father McNabb tells his readers, is no whit clearer than the exposition paralleling it of the power and authority given to Simon Peter. Moreover, by way of meeting the contention of those who, while granting Christ's primatial gift to St. Peter, explain it as purely personal and non-transmissible, St. John makes it clear that his Divine commission was not put finally to death when he was crucified in Rome. "It rose again in Linus, Cletus, Clement of Rome. It is still extant not in the one loving Apostle John but in the undying successors of Peter." There is valuable instruction in the volume for Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

Though work such as that carried on by the Catholic Evidence Guild in England, has not yet been taken up to any extent in the United States, "Catholic Evidence Training Outlines" (Benziger, \$1.50), compiled by Maisie Ward, should none the less prove an interesting manual for clergy and laity alike. First appearing in 1925, the outlines immediately became popular, and while the present issue is announced as a second edition, it is far from being a mere reprint. The little volume is a practical handbook for guild speakers. After some preliminary lectures and suggestions for their training, it offers outlines for two lecture courses, one for junior and one for senior speakers. Student chaplains in our universities may find some helpful suggestions in it for stimulating Catholic action along the line of religious public speaking among more zealous students.

Social Studies.—Taking the utterances of Dr. Marie Stopes as representative of the attitude and arguments of contemporary birth-control advocates, the Rev. Henry Davis, S.J., in "Birth Control" (Benziger, 60c.) exposes its fallacies. The little volume emphasizes that the modern contraceptive movement is neither scientific nor moral, to say nothing of its being at variance with the teachings of the Church, on which latter point it should be recalled that, so far as Catholics are concerned, artificial birth control is not a problem for discussion or settlement since the many ecclesiastical pronouncements on the subject make it a matter of acceptance for Catholics, not of debate. However common birth control may be, and howsoever ardently it may be advocated in certain quarters, not only is it not justified by economic necessity but it is a road beset with terrible dangers and pitfalls alike for individuals and ultimately for the nation at large.

Though its theoretical discussion of the marriage relation is in many points out of harmony with Catholic teaching, "American Marriage and Family Relations" (Holt, \$4.00), by Ernest Rutherford Groves and William Fielding Ogburn, is much more satisfactory as a social study than most recent publication along kindred lines. The book includes on the one hand a discussion of modern marriage and family relations, and on the other a statistical study of American marriage. In this latter field the volume will be especially serviceable, though not all of the interpretations placed upon the statistics will be readily accepted. Some of the findings will be of unusual interest to students of sociology, though the book itself can have no popular appeal.

Just what useful purpose "The Mary Letters" (Dorrance, \$1.50), by Philip David Bookstaber, will serve the general public is difficult to discover. The author has used some correspondence between an advertising man and a shop woman, with himself in the background, to emphasize certain theories he has about life, and especially about its social implications. Though a rabbi, his opinions savor of advanced rationalism, and several of the letters are, to say the least, coarse and vulgar.

With the Poets.—In one of the sharpest, most brilliant and most pleasant satires of the twentieth century, Lee Wilson Dodd has drawn taut his cross-bow and wrought havoc with the feudal lords of contemporary philosophy. The satire is in verse, entitled "The Great Enlightenment" (Harper, \$2.00), and is published in connection with a selection of the poems the author has written during the past fifteen years. Behaviorism, and other such "mechano-visceral schisms" are dissected, viciously, yet with the good grace of humor, as the opening lines "Descend, Urania, but on second thought, Don't bother to descend" reveal. The finest bit of the poem is its concluding appeal to the sense of Alexander Pope, in which he shreds the literati who "culled thought's tatters to tuck out a play, to crazy-patch a novel, or rehearse asylum-eccentricities in verse."

A similar note is struck in the Bishop of St. Albans' introduction to the anonymous volume of verse entitled "The Pilgrim" (Longmans, \$1.00) and bearing the notation, "by the author of 'The House of My Pilgrimage.'" The Bishop has written: "Thank God there are still some things in the world which defy the microscope, the test tube, the mathematician and even the psychoanalyst." Some of that beauty is found in the verses of the tiny blue volume of poems to Our Lady and her Son.

The Canadian writer, Arthur Stringer, familiar both for his prose and his poetry, has published a new volume of verse called "A Woman at Dusk" (Bobbs-Merrill). In it he has painted many things, pagan and Christian, pastoral beauty and calm reflections of his European impressions. Among the best are his versions of the Aphrodite-Hephaestus and the Helen-Menelaus affairs, and a bit called "Childe Roland Rides from the Tower." The other side is reflected in "The Old Yew at Iffley," a charming picture of the Oxford Mr. Stringer attended, and "The Abandoned Farm." In one of his poems he speaks of beauty as "a fragile thing," but he has caught it gently in his hands in such verses as these and in "The Children's Theatre" where he pictures the happiness of East Side youngsters who "for a breath . . . caught the gleam."

The Women at the Pump. What Everybody Wanted. Sentry. The Golden Round. The Giant Killer. Moses. This Way Out.

That Knut Hamsun, Norwegian Nobel Prize winner, is not merely living on his laurels is evidenced in the fine, sharp and complete descriptions of the little Scandinavian fishing town that he presents in "The Women at the Pump" (Knopf, \$3.00). Just as walls have ears, so does the market place, and the village square, and the fisher-wives and cooks and housekeepers who meet there to shout with exultation at the return of the port's vessels, or to whisper at the discovery of some new morsel of scandal. Every character is revealed in all his deeds and misdeeds, and with painstaking effort the author sets down his brush, the entire town drawn with remarkable minuteness and interesting reality.

Elsie Singmaster has not only done a masterful experiment in novel technique but offers a fine story as well in her solution to "What Everybody Wanted" (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00). Marian and Arietta Lee Young live with their mother in a well-preserved home, just outside Baltimore. Their eyes fall upon three individuals on one summer Sunday, and before the book is closed, these, the lawyer, the merchant and the violinist, exchange gifts and hearts frequently. The book is as pleasant as the shaded street which rambles through the Bon Air, where lives "Lucien" the eligible bachelor, and the cause of all the trouble.

An Enoch Arden who does not go away, but remains to torment his wife and her new lover, is the main character of "Sentry" (Harper, \$2.00.) a first novel by Heyward Emerson Canney. The scene is set in a small Massachusetts town, along the Boston-bound railroad tracks, a town which sees progress march from the Civil War to an age when airplanes overhead drown out the sound of the "parlor" radio. All this while Stephen and Nancy are prisoners, while Abel sits in his sentry-box without. Nancy's emotions, principally remorse, are well presented, and the denouement is as unusual as it is startling. The story itself is a Yankee "tall tale."

There is vivid color and passionate romance in Frances Winwar's "The Golden Round" (Century, \$2.00.). An Italian ancestry of many years manifests itself in the author's ability to put her native temperament into type. This is a story of the rise to power and the crushing fall of one man, a court favorite, Pier, the cobbler's son, who became treasurer to the Emperor Frederic. A true devotion to his master and to the state were blasted at the height of his career, when Pier, because of a disloyal wife, was found in circumstances which spelled the highest treason, though he himself claimed innocence to the last. Woven into this tale there is a stirring panorama of thirteenth-century life, with glimpses of a garish court and a simple peasantry.

It may be said that the ancients received their opinions of God's chosen people from the pulpit; the moderns from novels. It is a common thing now to modernize the ancients of mythology. In "The Giant Killer" (Day, \$2.50), Elmer Davis goes further. He presents a picture of David, the Giant Killer who did not kill the giant. This new hero is a braggart who has cleverness and consummate luck which he calls the will of God. Upon the courage and ability of others David achieves. The true hero of the period is Joab, the ill-starred brother of the king. There is in the book modern love and modern talk, not a little risqué and unholy.

The Biblical accurateness of another Old Testament character is questioned in Louis Untermeyer's "Moses" (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). Again there is present the same modern tendency, that of breaking down the finer side, of "humanizing" heroes. As a result we have a Moses who is not truly of his people, either in race or thought. The great leader questions the wisdom of life and the wisdom of God, breaks the Commandments that were entrusted to him, and passes a torn and wondering man.

Even before Moses, came Adam, already battered about in two novels and laughed at again in a third, "This Way Out" (Coward-McCann, \$2.50), by Philip Littell. The book is clever, smart and more modern, casual, and light-headed than a newspaper column. There is little humor, though great attempts are made to fan the reader into guffaws by making a Babbit out of the resident of Eden. Fortunately the fad has been done to death.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

One More on the "Brown Derby"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A Catholic friend of mine has given me a pamphlet reprint of an article appearing in the issue of AMERICA for November 24, by Leonard Feeney, S.J.

Father Feeney has given voice to the sorrow which many of us, less articulate than he, have carried in our hearts during these last sad weeks. But I wonder if even he can know how sharp a sorrow and how deep a shame remain with some of us who have been used to call ourselves "Protestant."

There are, believe me, Sir, many Protestants who did not know until the year of Our Lord 1928 that Protestantism had been perverted into a political and definitely anti-Christian organization. Millions of Protestants, as you must know, responded with entire devotion to the gallant spirit of the "Happy Warrior." Utterly free from cant and hypocrisy as he was, the joyous Christian faith that was in him seemed to us to burn through the dead materialism of our age like a living flame. Imagine then our confusion when we saw "Christian churches" and "ministers of God" turn upon him, rend him with cruelty, crucify that beautiful and trustful . . . spirit that shone through his every word and act. Our very souls were nauseated by the indecent slanders and the vulgar lies which were fed to us by men and women we had thought honorable. Since you were not exposed to Protestantism, I doubt if you can really understand how sickening a campaign it was. And shortly before it closed came that climax of blasphemy when the editor of a large Protestant paper was quoted in the daily press as saying: "Prohibition is more important to the Protestant churches of America than the doctrine of the Virgin Birth."

Surely you must realize that thousands of non-Catholics have recoiled from this campaign of lies and blasphemy. We see the faith of our fathers rocking on its very foundation. We recognize the beauty of your faith, of Catholicism, and I believe that many Protestants, finding themselves spiritually homeless, will embrace that Faith. But to some of us it is unattainable. Literally we sit in darkness, with only the memory of the "Happy Warrior,"—his brave smile, his challenging words, his lovable Brown Derby.

Leonard Feeney truly says that on November 6 there were sixteen million tragedies. But, of them all, ours is the deepest and the darkest.

Washington.

MARY BADGER WILSON.

Starting Them Young

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have read with interest various recent articles and communications in AMERICA in regard to the reading of Catholic literature. It is encouraging to hear from such a number in different parts of our country. While the timely suggestions of each deserve attention, yet I feel none have sufficiently stressed the importance (mentioned by some) of early home training.

For some years it has been my privilege to help in circulating Catholic literature. I find, as a rule, that in a devout Catholic home there will be found good Catholic weeklies and monthlies as well as books by the best Catholic authors. And the reverse is true. Negligent or weak Catholics, little or no Catholic literature.

In the latter home, a family of growing children cannot be expected to be imbued with true Catholic principles and philosophy of life, even though they go to a Catholic school and attend Mass on Sundays. They have nothing to read but secular papers, which they cannot properly digest without the aid of the Catholic press. They will not acquire the habit of reading good Catholic literature unless they are taught it from their youth by word and example.

Did the mother who complained: "I can't get my boys and girls to read Catholic papers," have a place for a good Catholic magazine and her diocesan weekly on the first budget of household expenses, the very first she made out after the honeymoon was over and they started housekeeping? That is the time to begin and continue even at great sacrifice! Later when little four-year-old says (as I heard the other day): "Mama, Little Brother love that nice paper, where you read the lovely story to us from the childrens' page"—there is a reverence for Catholic literature before they can read themselves. Don't tell me a child reared in those surroundings won't read Catholic papers.

Some say: "There is no time after reading the big Sunday editions of the secular press." Well, we read our own *first*, and then skip over lightly a vast amount of news in the big papers, for then we are better able to choose the worth-while articles, and also to discern the truth of certain news that we should never know if it were not for the Catholic press—for example, the true state of affairs in Mexico. What is said of Sunday papers can be applied to evenings at home—only then the order might be reversed—a quick perusal of the secular daily, a careful reading of worth-while news, a romp with the children, a good Catholic story for them, and when they are tucked in, daddy reads aloud some thought-producing articles for the grown-ups ending up with perhaps a story or two.

When we are preparing for the great feast of Christmas, what could be more appropriate for those who really love God and wish to spread Christ's kingdom upon earth than to give Catholic papers and magazines, Catholic books and art treasures to our friends? The good so done may never be known in this world.

Spokane, Wash.

Mrs. J. M. D.

Colonel Callahan on Prohibition and the Schools

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Referring to your editorial comment on my recent letter which appeared in AMERICA, viz:

Clear-thinking Protestants will resent the unfortunate threat which Colonel Callahan utters in defense of his fellow-Prohibitionists no less than Catholics will protest the implication that "Catholics as a whole are 'breaking down' the Prohibition Law." Yet it may be that Colonel Callahan has for once gauged the caliber of his allies aright.

Your correspondent, L. M. of Brooklyn, who was criticizing me in a previous letter in AMERICA, said the following:

Seeing that Mr. Callahan is anxious to do some social work, as well as religious, he may be counted upon when and if his zeal and eloquence may be necessary to preserve the parish school. Let everyone hope that his anxiety for Prohibition may be turned into work for the preservation and welfare of the parish school, which some of his present associates in the Prohibition cause might not be unwilling to see eliminated.

This certainly called for an answer from me but it was an opinion and not a threat, viz:

It may be that if Catholics as a whole break down the Prohibition law that the Protestants may lend themselves to an attack on the parochial school system.

Perhaps E. S. Martin, editor emeritus of *Life*, was correct when he said very recently it is impossible to discuss Catholic questions with Catholics.

Louisville, Ky.

P. H. CALLAHAN.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Colonel P. H. Callahan, of Louisville having manipulated a portion of the K. of C. ritual to act as a smoke screen for his own . . . eloquence, it would be well for the officers of that organization to temper the phraseology which urges to speak fearlessly with the addition of "and correctly" or at least "cautiously."

"Catholics as a whole 'breaking down' the Prohibition Law"! Such a . . . statement from the pen of an "authoritative" Catholic! Is it any wonder that our non-Catholic neighbors gaze upon us as elements of mystery?

Bridgeport, Pa.

GERALD A. McCafferty.